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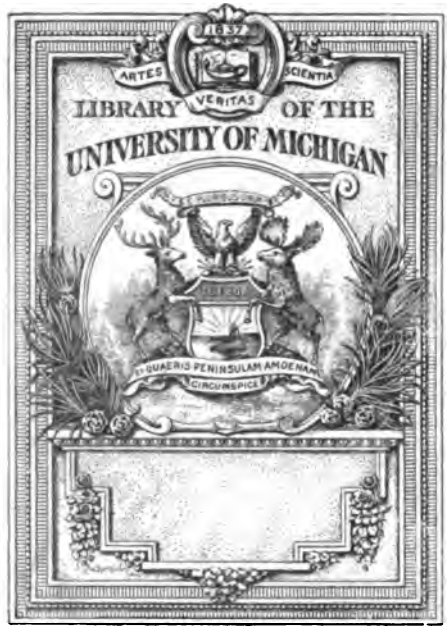

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH NOTES

BY RICHARD HURD, D.D.

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Engraved by C. Picart

The Right Hon.ble

JOSEPH ADDISON,

after the original Picture by DAHL, in the possession of the late

Dr HYDE,

Bishop of Worcester.

Published Nov. 28.1810. by T. Cadell & W. Davies, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON,

A NEW EDITION,

WITH NOTES

BY RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND,

BY J. M'CREERY, BLACK-HORSE-COURT.

1811.

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Mr. Addison is generally allowed to be the most correct and elegant of all our writers; yet some inaccuracies of style have escaped him, which it is the chief design of the following notes to point out. A work of this sort, well executed, would be of use to foreigners who study our language; and even to such of our countrymen, as wish to write it in perfect purity.

R. WORCESTER.

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Extract from a Letter of BISHOP WARBURTON, to DR. HURD.

"*Gloucester, Sept.* 10, 1770.

——"Your *grammatical* pleasures, which you enjoy in studying the most correct of our great writers, Mr. Addison, cannot be greater than the *political* ones I taste, in reading, over again, the most *incorrect* of all good writers (though not from his incorrectness, which is stupendous) Lord Clarendon, in the late published *continuation* of his History.

"I charge you bring your Addison to town. Nothing is minutiæ to me which you *write* or *think*."

See "*Letters from a late eminent Prelate*," &c.—*Letter* 227. 4to. 1808.

And in Letter 228, in the same collection, *October* 16, 1770, the BISHOP says——

—"Your reflections on Lord Clarendon are the truth itself. The History of his Life and Administration I have just finished. Every thing is admirable in it but the style: in which your favourite and amiable author [Mr. Addison] has infinitely the advantage. Bring him with you to town. There, I own, your late amusements have the advantage of mine. It was an advantage I envied you;"——

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Extract of a Letter from DR. HURD to the REVEREND MR. MASON, Residentiary of Yorke.

"*Thurcaston, Oct.* 26, 1770.

——"You will ask what I have done in this long leisure. Not much indeed, to any purpose. My lecture has slept: But I found an amusement in turning over the works of Mr. Addison. I set out, many years ago, with a warm admiration of this amiable writer. I then took a surfeit of his natural, easy manner; and was taken, like my betters, with the raptures and high flights of Shakespeare. My maturer judgment, or lenient age, (call it which you will) has now led me back to the favourite of my youth. And, here, I think, I shall stick: for such useful sense, in so charming words, I find not elsewhere. His tast is so pure, and his *Virgilian prose* (as Dr. Young styles it) so exquisite, that I have but now found out, at the close of a critical life, the full value of his writings."——

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Inscription to Mr. Addison,
written in 1805.

EXIMIO VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON:
GRATIÂ, FAMÂ, FORTUNÂ COMMENDATO;
HUMANIORIBUS LITERIS UNICÈ INSTRUCTO;
HAUD IGNOBILI POETÆ;
IN ORATIONE SOLUTÂ CONTEXENDÂ
SUMMO ARTIFICI;
CENSORI MORUM
GRAVI SANÈ, SED ET PERJUCUNDO,
LEVIORIBUS IN ARGUMENTIS
SUBRIDENTI SUAVITÈR,
RES ETIAM SERIAS
LEPORE QUODAM SUO CONTINGENTI;
PIETATIS, PORRÒ, SINCERÆ,
HOC EST, CHRISTIANÆ,
FIDE, VITÂ, SCRIPTIS
STUDIOSISSIMO CULTORI:
EXIMIO, PROINDÈ, VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON,
HOC MONUMENTUM SACRUM ESTO.

R. W. 1805, *Sept.* 5.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

HIS MAJESTY'S

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publickly bequeathe them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

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I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate Friend,

And faithful obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

JUNE, 4,
1719.

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THE

PREFACE.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of Lancelot Addison, D. D. and of Jane, the daughter of Nathaniel Gulston, D. D. and sister of Dr. William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol, was born at Milston, near Ambrosebury, in the county of Wilts, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of Westmorland, and educated at Queen's College in Oxford, passed many years in his travels through Europe and Africa, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which several books published by him are ample testimonies. He was rector of Milston above-mentioned, when Mr. Addison, his eldest son was born; and afterwards became Arch-deacon of Coventry, and Dean of Litchfield.

Mr. Addison received his first education at the Chartreux, from whence he was removed very early to Queen's College in Oxford. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. Lancaster, then Dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into Magdalen College. He employed his first years in the study of the old Greek and Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind, that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by

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those, who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his Latin compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the best authors since the Augustan age, in the two Universities, and the greatest part of Europe, before he was talked of as a poet in town. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases; and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought, and chastity of style. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy Boileau, whose dispute with Perrault turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree.

The first English performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. Dryden, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which

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Mr. Dryden makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all Virgil's works; wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. Addison, for giving him the Essay upon the Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the miscellanies, while he was young; the largest is An Account of the greatest English Poets; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The poem upon one of King William's campaigns, addressed to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest,

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a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value, nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. Addison answered the expectations of my Lord Somers, cannot appear better, than from the book of Travels he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in Italy, reflections upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landscapes drawn by classic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering, how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are, indeed, but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old Roman poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The Tyber and the Po serve to explain the verses, that were made upon their banks; and the Alps and Appennines are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense: a com-

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pendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not misspent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that the price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The Letter from Italy to my Lord Halifax may be considered as the text upon which the book of Travels is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those, who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signor Salvini, professor of the Greek tongue at Florence, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this poem.

The materials for the Dialogues upon Medals, now first printed from a manuscript of the author, were collected in the native country of those coins. The book itself was begun to be cast into form at Vienna, as appears from a letter to Mr. Stepney, then minister at that court, dated in November, 1702.

Sometime before the date of this letter, Mr. Addison had designed to return to England, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from his Majesty. But an account of the death of King William, which he met with at Geneva, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he

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had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to England, without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery, and furnished Mr. Addison with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called the The Campaign. The Lord Treasurer Godolphin, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved the poem, by bestowing on the author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. Locke to the council of trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under Secretary, which he held under Sir Charles Hedges, and the present Earl of Sunderland. The Opera of Rosamond was written while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the music, which, as the Italian taste at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an Englishman; the poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called The Tender Husband appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. Addison.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquis of Wharton, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1709,

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As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in Ireland was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of The Tatler, by an observation upon Virgil, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which, however, was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers, Mr. Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the Spectators and Guardians, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the Tatlers should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those Tatlers which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

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The plan of the Spectator, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shewn to each other by their respective authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the Spectator, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon Wit, the Pleasures of the Imagination, the Critique upon Milton, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of Cato appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there,

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though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her; but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy soon spread through Europe, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The translation of it into Italian, by Signor Salvini, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor Valetta, a young Neapolitan nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of Socrates would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to shew, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures, to which the romantic taste has confined modern tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the drama 'to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to soften insolence, to sooth affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence.'[a]

[a] Spectator, No. 39.

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Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in Great Britain, the Earl of Sunderland being constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Addison became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, a little after his lordship resigned the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

The paper, called the Freeholder, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in Scotland.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the Dialogues upon Medals, and the Treatise upon the Christian Religion. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the Latin quotations were rendered into English, in a very hasty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The scheme for the Treatise upon the Christian Religion was formed by the author about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employment in business prevented him from executing it, till he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the Jewish to the Heathen testimonies, for the truth of the Christian history. He was more assiduous than his health would well allow in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

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Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg his Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of June, 1719. He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. Craggs (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be, perhaps, as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern with which Mr. Addison left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. Addison.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the author, than

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to see the person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. Addison, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names, probably, will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF WARWICK,

&c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh, judge, my bosom, by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire!
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

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To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine;
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly;
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or do'st thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!

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When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there:
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:

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Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O, Craggs, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame;
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THOMAS TICKELL.

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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TO MR. DRYDEN.[a]

HOW long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetick heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,[b]
And England boasts of riches not her own;

[a] It would not be fair to criticise our author's poetry, especially the poetry of his younger days, very exactly. He was not *a poet born:* or, he had not studied, with sufficient care, the best models of English poetry. Whatever the cause might be, he had not the command of what Dryden so eminently possessed, a truly *poetic diction.* His poetry is only pure prose, put into verse. And

"Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis."

However, it may not be amiss to point out the principal defects of his *expression,* that his great example may not be pleaded in excuse of them.

[b] *Thou makest*] vide after, *Thou teachest*] This way of using verbs of the present and imperfect tense, in the second person singular, should be utterly banished from our poetry. The sound is intolerable. Milton and others have rather chosen to violate grammar itself, than offend the ear thus unmercifully. This liberty may, perhaps, be

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Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer stile;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satyr, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts[a] th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse,[b] and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself,[c] ran howling through the woods.
O mayst thou still the noble task prolong,[d]
Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.[e]

Mag. Coll. Oxon. June 2, 1693.

The Author's age 22.

taken sometimes, in the greater poetry; in odes especially. But the better way will generally be, to turn the expression differently: As, *'Tis thine to teach*, or in some such way.

[a] *—th' advantage of thy song.*] An instance of unpoetical expression.

[b] *Thy charming verse, and fair translations.*] The epithets too general and prosaic.

[c] *Alexandrines*, as they are called, should never be admitted into this kind of verse. But Dryden's unconfined genius had given a sanction to them.

[d] *O mayst thou still, &c.*] See note [b] in the preceding page. It might have stood thus: *"Still may thy muse* the noble task prolong."

[e] *reveal—tell.*] Bad rhymes. There are other instances in this short poem; and in general Mr. Addison was a bad rhymist.

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A POEM

TO HIS MAJESTY.[a]

PRESENTED

TO THE LORD KEEPER.

[a] King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's age 24.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,[a]
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse[b] indites,
Pardon her faults and countenance her flights.

[a] This short address to his patron, is polite and proper, but, like the poem, which it introduces, very prosaic.

[b] *A lesser muse.*] *Little* has two comparatives, *less* and *lesser*. Use leaves us at liberty to employ *either*. The sound will direct us when to prefer the one to the other. As here, *a lesser muse*, is

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On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

clearly better than *a less muse*. But, in general, it may be a good rule "to join *less* with a singular noun, and *lesser* with a plural:"—as, when we say, *a less difficulty*, and, *lesser difficulties*. The reason is, that few singular nouns terminate in *s*, and most plural nouns do.

Worser, the second comparative of *bad*, has not the same authority to plead, as *lesser*, and is not, I think, of equal use.—Our grammarians do not enough attend to the influence, which the ear has in modelling a language.

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TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field,
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durst not in heroick strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She saw the Boyn run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lye beating on the shore:
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers wou'd thy toils rehearse!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats,* and mid-night cares!
But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

* He should have said *heats*, as he does say in the campaign, *The midnight watches and the noon-day heats.*

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A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battels, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyn be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallick labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battels, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.[a]
The race of Nassaus was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;

[a] *The guiltless bullet, &c.*] Delicately, and, at the same time, nobly expressed. Our great preacher, Tillotson, was not so happy when he spoke of the king's shoulder as being *kindly kissed* by this bullet.

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But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrours and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.
His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Opprest religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.
Thus when the forming muse wou'd copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroick worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smeer'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty east;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horrour hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallick ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,

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Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet that perisht on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battel boast,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the waves in restless errors rowle,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rase'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battel ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd;

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With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands:
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming cittadels, and falling tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatick shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallick towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruine lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse:
High on the deck shou'd the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on ev'ry shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muse?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,

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Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallick policy o'er-throw,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my muse, th'ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does[a] wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallick hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found.
But for a-while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,

[a] *Does wound,*] An unlucky blemish in this, otherwise, pretty passage. —Yet it is a mistake to think that these *feeble expletives, do, does, did,* &c. as Pope calls them, are never to have a place in our verse: the rule is, "they should not be coupled with the verb." The reason is obvious.

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Whole heaps of dead encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGICK,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,*
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme, provokes my humble lays.
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;

* *Etherial sweets.*] The following version, though it be exact enough, for the most part, and not inelegant, gives us but a faint idea of the original. It has the grace, but not the energy, of Virgil's manner. The late Translator of the Georgics* has succeeded much better. The versification (except only the bad rhymes) may be excused; for the frequent triplets and alexandrines (which Dryden's laziness, by the favour of his exuberant genius, had introduced) were esteemed, when this translation was made, not blemishes, but beauties.

* Mr. Nevile.

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Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountain's edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.
Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores;
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or bird-lime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves most thinly on your work be strow'd;

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But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees thro' woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The chrystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echos with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.

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No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth, in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsom and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

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And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the gardner's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
With what a chearful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor wou'd I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furnish'd out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,[a]
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.

[a] Roses *blow*,] Not usual or exact to use the verb *blow* actively. Yet Milton speaks of *banks that blow flowers*, (Mask at Ludlow Castle, page 993.) And, indeed, it is not easy to say, how far this licentious construction, if sparingly used, *si sumptu pudenter*, may be allowed, especially in the higher poetry. The reason is, that it takes the expression out of the tameness of prose, and pleases by its novelty, more than it disgusts by its irregularity: and whatever pleases in this degree, is poetical.

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Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,
As many blossoms as the spring cou'd show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the publick care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabrick on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.

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By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busie swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows' spoils.
On lavender, and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again, when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And least their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,

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They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.
  But, of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
  But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.
  No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but, when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
  Some, from such instances as these have taught
" The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep
of heaven;

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That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
When-e'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoak amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once, when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once, when hast'ning from the watry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aking pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,

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Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme and centry join,
And raisins, ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,

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'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With streighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrours of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide,
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens, as it works: And now are seen
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,

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The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AT OXFORD.[a]

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns,
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims,
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.

[a] The success of *Alexander's Feast*, made it fashionable for succeeding poets, to try their hand at a musical ode: but they mistook the matter, when they thought it enough to contend with Mr. Dryden.—It was reserved for one or two of our days to give us a true idea of lyric poetry in English.

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Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended, as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:

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Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

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AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. H. S.[a] April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry,[b] you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser, next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

[a] Henry Sacheverell, whose story is well known.—Yet with all his follies, some respect may seem due to the memory of a man, who had merit in his youth, as appears from a paper of verses under his name, in Dryden's Miscellanies; and who lived in the early friendship of Mr. Addison.

[b] The introductory and concluding lines of this poem are a bad imitation of Horace's manner—*Sermoni propiora.* In the rest, the poetry is better than the *criticism*, which is right or wrong, as it chances; being echoed from the common voice.

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Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:[a]
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
flight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton, next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks;

[a] Cowley had great merit, but nature had formed him to manage Anacreon's lute, and not Pindar's lyre.

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No vulgar hero can his muse ingage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'ns eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critick's nicer laws.[a]
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.[b]
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,[c]
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

[a] I wonder what these laws could be. Nobody understood the critic's *nicest laws*, better than Milton, or observed them with more respect. The observation might be true of Shakespeare; but, by ill-hap, we do not so much as find his name in this account of English poets.

[b] *A vision so profuse of pleasantness.*] A prettily turned line. The expression (originally Milton's, P. L. iv. 243. viii. 286.) pleased our poet so much, that we have it again in the letter from Italy—*profuse of bliss*, and elsewhere.

[c] *Serene and bright,*] This is a strange description of Milton's language, if he means the language of his prose works. The panegyric seems made at random.

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But now my muse a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or, if Maria's charms thou would'st rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana wou'd have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules, whose deep sense, and heav'nly numbers show
The best of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comick sounds or tragick airs[a]
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.

[a] *Whether in comic sounds or tragick airs*] A writer in fashion, like the stoical wise man, is every thing he has a mind to be. Dryden's comedies are very indifferent, and his tragedies still worse.

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From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still[a] preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines.
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

[a] *Congreve shall still*] Another poet in fashion: but it is not safe to prophecy of such. All he had of *Dryden's muse* was only his quaint and ill-applied wit.

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LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX,

Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON, l'Anno MDCCI. In Versi Inglesi.

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.*

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villesche attraggonvi,
E di Britannia dagli Ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vago Clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.
Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,
Attornianmi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Sì sovente ivi Musa accordò l'Arpa,
Chè non cantato niun colle sorgevi,
Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.
Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,

* By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence.

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A

LETTER FROM ITALY,[a]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Geor. ii.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhime.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,

[a] The subject, so inviting to our classical traveller, seems to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expression. Mr. Pope used to speak very favorably of this poem.

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Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.
Di mille estasi acceso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De Fiumi Re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.
Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionsi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)
Pur, per senno di muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.
Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran Fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D' una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de Poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto pel Mondo risuonano
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.
Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a Quel l'Italia.
Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia

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To see the Mincio draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus trough flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever[a] by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
And Virgil's Italy shou'd yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,

[a] *Yet run for ever, &c.*] This way of *giving to the copy the properties of the original,* is not uncommon in the poets: But Mr. Addison had the art to introduce this bold figure, with ease and grace, into his prose; as when he speaks of *refreshment* in a description of fields and meadows —of an historian's *fighting his battles,* and in other instances:—But see what he says himself on this subject on *Messis clypeata virorum,* in his notes on Ovid.

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Isola sì ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e piu esaltati odori.
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil Seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d'Umbria traggami,
Ove i Ponenti eterna han residenza.
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l'anno tutto.
Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l'esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in Moli di ruine.
D'Anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e Nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i Ciel Colonne aspre d' intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi là sorgono,
U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.
Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto spettacol d' animate Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli

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Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry[a]
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its publick shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded notions in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,[b]
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestick band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,

[a] *Descry*] i. e. *I discern, discover, distinctly survey.* We use a less specific verb in conjunction with *lye*, as: "*I see* Rome's beauties *lye* in ruin;" not, I *descry* them *lye*.

[b] *Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,*] *i. e.* where the deathless acts of the old Romans *being* displayed—a line doubly obscure, and therefore doubly faulty. If the *latter* fault may be excused, the *former* cannot: for when a plural noun is used, in what is called the genitive case, it requires to be preceded by its sign, the preposition *of:* above all, when the termination (as is generally the case of our plural nouns) is in *s*.

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Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E Imperadori in Pario Marmo accigliansi;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso.
Là ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirto qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templi s'alzan la in distanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.
Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mana!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che Cielo, e Suol compartono,
I risi di Natura, e i vezzi d'Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue Valli,
E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?
Il povreo Abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra si sdegna.
In mezzo alla Bontà della Natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.
O Libertà, o Dea Celeste, e Bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!

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Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humble su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain wou'd I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!

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Piaceri eterni te presente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia
Vien nel suo peso Suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura ill viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.
Te Dea, te la Britannia Isola adora,
Come ha sovente ella ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino;
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d'olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente Clima
Dell' Etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,
Corona Libertà la Britann' Isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.
Le torreggianti Moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar Sassi animati a vivere.
D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emuli Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi;
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sveco attaccati in fiere Allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e'l buon Governo.
Tosto che poi le nostre Flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Settentrional Mondo si giace.
L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.

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Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;

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Ma acquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l'arme di Nassò, e 'l senno guida.
Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti Climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.
Ma io di già hovvi turbato assai,
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime Canto.
Più dolce Thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Vostri onorar debbono.

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But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found,
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.

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MILTON'S STILE IMITATED,*

IN A

TRANSLATION OF A STORY

OUT OF THE

THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd it self to Cynthia's silver ray,

* *Milton's stile imitated,*]—Very imperfectly. What we find, is the stiffness and rigour of *Milton's stile,* somewhat eased and suppled by the grace of Mr. Addison's, but without the numbers or the force of that great poet.

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And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heav'ns eternal fires,
By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labours of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave

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He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him then with huge tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race;
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantick brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,

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The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front their gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice: he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echo's answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
  Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
  So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

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THE

CAMPAIGN,

A POEM;

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——————Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vincinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. LIV. HIST. lib. 33.

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THE

CAMPAIGN.*

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alps and Appenine's in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,

* The execution of this poem is better than the plan. Indeed the subject was fit only for an ode, and might have furnished materials for a very fine one, if Mr. Addison had possessed the talents of a lyric poet. However, particular passages are wrought up into much life and beauty.

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Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In ANNA's councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.
  Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
  Our godlike leader,[a] ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,

[a] *Our god-like leader,*] Our poets, half paganized in their education, deal much too freely in this epithet.

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Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun, they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood:

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Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind.
  Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
  The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last;
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep.
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
  The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

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High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbrô' lives Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,

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The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)[a]
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbrô's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'st th' assistance[b] of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,

[a] *(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)*] This verse and those below:—*The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,* and, *The food of armies, and support of wars,* have been censured by the critics, not altogether without reason, yet with rather too much severity; for the expression rises something, but not so much as it ought. The greatest fault is, that three such verses (each of which is only passable) stand so near together: but for the cause of this defect in our author's rhymed verse, see the introductory note to his Latin poems.

[b] *Thou hope'st th' assistance*] Scarce tolerable in the expression, but insupportable in the sound.

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Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks[a] retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And ANNA's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below,

[a] *The woolly flocks*] The "*Lanigeræ pecudes*" of Lucretius.

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Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Tho' fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,[*]
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

[*] *Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,*] This line has been censured by a very good judge, *as unpoetical*: (see Dr. Beattie's Notes, prefixed to his edition of Mr. Addison's papers, in 4 vols. vol. 1, p. 21,—ed. 1790.) It may be so: but the allusion is fine and proper. For when the avenging angel rides in *such* a storm, the danger is brought home to ourselves, and the poet's imagery is not only great, but interesting; that is, we have the sublime in perfection.

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But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:[a]
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd,
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,

[a] *Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:*] The Book of Job furnished him with this idea—*he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.* xli. 29.

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So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or, 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
Marlbrô's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

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If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbrô's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

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Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlbrô's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô' presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

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Such are th' effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus wou'd I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions,[a] unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

[a] *When actions, &c.*] An apology, gracefully enough made, for the prosaic plan of this poem: for though the author's *invention* had not supplied him with a better, his *true taste* could not but tell him, this was defective.

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ROSAMOND.

AN OPERA.

INSCRIBED

TO HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit. VIRG. ÆN. 6.

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A COPY OF VERSES

IN THE SIXTH MISCELLANY,

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ROSAMOND.

——————Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. TICKELL.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!

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No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrook fram'd, and Marlbrô' rais'd the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

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ROSAMOND.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING HENRY.
SIR TRUSTY, Keeper of the Bower.
PAGE.
MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ELINOR.
ROSAMOND.
GRIDELINE, Wife to Sir Trusty.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE, WOODSTOCK PARK.

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ROSAMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.[a]

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,[b]
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

PAGE.

There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

QUEEN.

Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.—— [*Aside.*

[a] The comic scenes of this opera are pleasant and entertaining.
[b] Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock-Park.

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PAGE.

There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confusion! I'm too slow—
Show me the happy mansion, show— [*Aside.*

PAGE.

Great Henry there—

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more!—

PAGE.

—Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

PAGE.

Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round:

QUEEN.

In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!

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Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.

PAGE.

Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes!
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

QUEEN.

Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns!—but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;

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In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

SIR TRUSTY, *Knight of the Bower, solus.*

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE AND SIR TRUSTY.

GRIDEDINE.
Faithless varlet, art thou there?
SIR TRUSTY.
My love, my dove, my charming fair!
GRIDELINE.
Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
SIR TRUSTY.
Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
GRIDELINE.
Cheat not me with false caresses.
SIR TRUSTY.
Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

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GRIDELINE.
Those to fair Rosamond are due.
SIR TRUSTY.
She is not half so fair as you.
GRIDELINE.
She views thee with a lover's eye.
SIR TRUSTY.
I'll still be thine, and let her die.
GRIDELINE.
No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
SIR TRUSTY.
O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
GRIDELINE.
O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles:
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!
SIR TRUSTY.
At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aside.*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, be gone.
GRIDELINE.
———I love thee so
I cannot go.
SIR TRUSTY.
Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!
GRIDELINE.
Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

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SIR TRUSTY.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a foolish fond wife.

SIR TRUSTY.

Let us part,
Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

SIR TRUSTY.

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?

SIR TRUSTY.

Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art a rustic to call me so.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so.
Thou, traitor, adieu!

SIR TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou shrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou traitor,

SIR TRUSTY.

Thou shrew,

BOTH.

Adieu! adieu! [*Exit Grid.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.*

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils,
Make all our great labours miscarry!

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Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.
But see the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND AND SIR TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

SIR TRUSTY.

What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join! [*Apart.*

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ROSAMOND.

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting
Birds delighting,
(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why!
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly!

SIR TRUSTY.

How much more bless'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Grideline and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

O Rosamond, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence astray:
At home thou seest thy queen enraged,
Abroad thy absent lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

SIR TRUSTY.

Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

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ROSAMOND.

Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly pleasing dreams. [*Ex. Ros.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.*

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty;
But hah! a sound my bower invades, [*Trump. flor.*
And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! It must be so.

SCENE V.

MESSENGER AND SIR TRUSTY.

MESSENGER.

Great Henry comes! with love opprest;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

SIR TRUSTY.

The bower and lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.

MESSENGER.

Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched:

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And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!

SIR TRUSTY.

Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry after a flourish of trumpets.

KING.

Where is my love! my Rosamond?

SIR TRUSTY.

First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.

KING.

Where is my life! my Rosamond?

SIR TRUSTY.

Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.

KING.

Where is the tender, charming fair?

SIR TRUSTY.

Let me appear, great sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

KING.

Where is my love, O tell me where?

SIR TRUSTY.

For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

KING.

These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where?

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SIR TRUSTY.

I speak, great sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

KING.

What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

SIR TRUSTY.

Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace?
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.

SIR TRUSTY.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuse
For first interviews?

KING.

Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The parti-colour'd gay alcove.

SIR TRUSTY.

Your highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING.

Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;

Digitized by Google

But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING AND ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

KING.

Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

ROSAMOND.

My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

KING.

O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!

BOTH.

O may the present bliss endure!

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KING.

My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats opprest,
My aking temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King.*

ROSAMOND, *sola.*

From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracts of light;
While I abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long uncomfortable way.
They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewel sorrow, farewel fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE AND PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,

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On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child: or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

PAGE.

Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart———

GRIDELINE.

And he has charms.

PAGE.

Your fears are too just

GRIDELINE.

Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH.

He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE.

O merciless fate!

PAGE.

Deplorable state!

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GRIDELINE.

To die——

PAGE.

To be slain

GRIDELINE.

By a barbarous swain,

BOTH.

That laughs at your pain.

GRIDELINE.

How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?

PAGE.

Open the gate if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.

GRIDELINE.

Of such a faithful spy I've need:*
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit Page.*

GRIDELINE, *sola.*

Prithee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. [*Exit Grid.*

* An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

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SCENE III.

PAGE, *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN AND PAGE.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard—[*Apart.*

QUEEN.

I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr'd!

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PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside.*

QUEEN.

What shall my trembling soul pursue?

PAGE.

Behold, great queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

—It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a pause.*
I cannot see my lord repine
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondness glows.
O jealousy, thou hell of woes! [*Aside.*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains;
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbors rise.

QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, th' offended queen I see;
—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the Queen, with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.

ROSAMOND.

What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?

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In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!

QUEEN.

How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN.

They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate.
O hear my sighs!

QUEEN.

They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

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ROSAMOND.

Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN.

Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN.

Thou shalt die.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one short moment's stay.
—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call!
[*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:

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If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks.*
—Whither, ah! whither shall I go?

QUEEN.

Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause.
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.
[*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN.

Hear, and observe your queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,

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And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.
[*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY, *in a fright.*

A breathless corps! what have I seen?
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:
'Great Sir,
'Your Rosamond is dead [*Writes.*
'As I am at this present writing.'
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,

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Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene a Grotto, Henry asleep, a Cloud descends, in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.

FIRST ANGEL.

BEHOLD th' unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

SECOND ANGEL.

In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

FIRST ANGEL.

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

SECOND ANGEL.

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

FIRST ANGEL.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

But, oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!

SECOND ANGEL.

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes
Till love before ambition fly.

FIRST ANGEL.

I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams
Till grief in joyful raptures die.

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SECOND ANGEL.

Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gauls shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

FIRST ANGEL.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH.

Glory strives!
The field is won!
Fame revives
And love is gone.

FIRST ANGEL.

To calm thy grief, and lull my cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending![a]
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

SECOND ANGEL.

He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:

[a] Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.

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His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

FIRST ANGEL.

Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead

SECOND ANGEL.

And grief may rage—

BOTH.

But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[*The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.*

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewel?

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,

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Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that Part of the Bower where Sir Trusty lies upon the Ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the Table.

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love or bear his rage.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*

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SCENE III.

KING AND QUEEN.

KING.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

QUEEN.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*

KING.

But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

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QUEEN.
Why do I here my lord receive?
KING.
Is this the welcome that you give?
QUEEN.
Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?
BOTH.
And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!
QUEEN.
What, in these guilty shades, cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?
KING.
Cruel woman, what cou'd you?
QUEEN.
Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.
KING.
The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.
QUEEN.
A heart so unrepenting,
KING.
A rage so unrelenting,
BOTH.
Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.
KING.
Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!

So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.
QUEEN.
How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd die.

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KING.

The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

QUEEN.

How am I bless'd if this be true!— [*Aside.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——

QUEEN

Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

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KING.

How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*

QUEEN.

Atoning for herself and you.

KING.

I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN.

How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn,
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives—

QUEEN.

My lord is true.

KING.

No more I'll change,

QUEEN.

No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

But ever thus united live.

SIR TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,

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So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE AND SIR TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

SIR TRUSTY.

Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shou'dst thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.

GRIDELINE.

Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

SIR TRUSTY.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T'observe the mode and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

GRIDELINE.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

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Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.

SIR TRUSTY.

And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The King and Queen advancing.

KING.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,[a]
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.

BOTH.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

[a] *Who to forbidden joys*] So careful was this excellent man, "*to set our passions on the side of truth,*" even in his gayest and slightest compositions.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

TENDER HUSBAND.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
  But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleasure, or of place invites:
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
  Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;

* A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

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That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night;——
Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
The t'other more refin'd; she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,

* A dramatic poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

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A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er,* to please your wand'ring eyes.
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the Metropolis of the Roman Empire, having closeted several Senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,

* *But* HOWSOE'ER,] A word, which nobody would now use in verse, and not many, in good prose.

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He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,[a]
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal strains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sink her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

[a] *Crack,*] Plainly used here for the sake of the rhyme; for the poet knew very well that the word was *low* and *vulgar*. To ennoble it a little he adds the epithet "*mighty,*" which yet, has only the effect to make it even *ridiculous*.

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And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curst detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,

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And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
  This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
  A curse there cleaves to the devoted place.
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
  Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
  But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;[a]
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

[a] *Rehearse;*] A word Mr. Addison is very fond of, because it afforded a rhyme for verse: but it disgraces an ode, and should, indeed, be banished from *all* poetry.

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the Sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:

* Mr. Addison appears to have been much taken with the native graces of Ovid's poetry. The following translations are highly finished and even laboured (if I may so speak) into an ease, which resembles very much, and almost equals, that of his author.

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He saw at distance, for the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on:
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth transported, asks, without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son," says he, "some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.

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Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung;
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.

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Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, O! in time recal your rash desire;
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look, you'd read the father there.
Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask;
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton:
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

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" Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thy self provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballass'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;

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So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is toss'd
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.
What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he loose the reins, nor could he hold'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;

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In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodopè, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,

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Which from below, as from a furnace flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:

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Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
" If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
If I nor he your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.

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Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour nature, e'er it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And even the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Strait he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus the almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
" Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;

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His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn,)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.

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What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)

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Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" E'er since the birth of time," said he, " I've borne
A long ungrateful toil without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon, at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

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But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit strait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well-pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e'er she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss;

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His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;

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In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
" Begone !" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
" Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain :"
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
" It is enough ! I'm fully satisfy'd !
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground.
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own !
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew !

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How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
  But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
  When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's off-spring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."

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The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told:
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:
"Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;

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Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heaven the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:

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My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimene, the owl, enjoys my place.
" On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel god! tho' I have justly dy'd,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.

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Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality;
When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?

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The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of Fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-STONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day,

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As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
"And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain,

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The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe, Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
And as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;

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Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

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The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heav'n: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;

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Or like unwholesome weeds, that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy, (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had pass'd:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd, in softest words, th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever!" cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,

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Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."
  Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
  The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
  Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.

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In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime:
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give.
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide, Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;

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When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.

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In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date;
But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,

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Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, 'till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

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He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœòtian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile blest:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;

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Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;

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Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell if thou can'st the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man began to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

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What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman, grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

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THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse;
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove;
(And none can sure a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant, she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;

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Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
"'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said;
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest, well-designing maid,
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, insnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
"Fear not," reply'd the god, "that I'll refuse
Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
"Then" says the nymph, "when next you seek my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms,
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame."
The god surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain,
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.

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'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second-rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, "and as he spoke he laugh'd,
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

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But, after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
" And if," says he, " such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

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Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,*
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.

* *When nothing could Narcissus move,*] One would think, from the expression, that the means taken by Echo *to move Narcissus*, had been specified; and so they are in the original. The truth is, fourteen lines are here omitted, not without good reason; but the inartificial connection betrays the omission.

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Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,*
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

* *Pleased with the form and coolness of the place,*] Easier, and better than the original,—"*faciemque loci, fontemque secutus.*" Yet, without losing the Ovidian turn of expression.

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To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.

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Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.
" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun;

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So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
" Farewel," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now fortel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."

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Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the promis'd threats fulfil.
For now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
"What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells, those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
I'll try the force of his divinity."

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Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
" Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew:
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
His whole estate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
His art was all his livelihood; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
There swims," said he, " thy whole inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

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The bright Taygete, and the shining bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
' I know not who,' said I, ' this god should be;
But that he is a god I plainly see;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd; and, oh! befriend our course!'
' Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cry'd,
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest.
' Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp'd a cord.
" His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus, (for 'twas he) began to move,

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Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
'What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
'Fear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'To Naxos then direct your course,' said he;
'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way.
'Then let some other to my post succeed,'
Said I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
'What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
"The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'
"In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plow the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;

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Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard; first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
'Ah! what,' cries one, 'has thus transform'd thy look?'
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail
O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.

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But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cry'd, "shall be Agave's share."

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When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

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THE STORY

OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.[a]

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurst an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.

[a] Mr. Addison was very young when he made these translations.—Still, one a little wonders how his virgin muse, "*nescia quid sit amor,*" (as Ovid says of Hermaphroditus) could be drawn in to attempt this subject:—but the charms of the poetry prevailed. He, very properly, omits, or softens, the most obnoxious passages of his original; and, after all, seems half-ashamed of what he had done, as we may conclude from his writing no notes on this story, which, being told, in Ovid's best manner, must have suggested to him many fine ones.

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The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry
"Fy Salmacis, what always idle! fy,
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er wou'd seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

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And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatcht on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,

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Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent-gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

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NOTES

ON SOME OF THE

FOREGOING STORIES

IN

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, PAGE 113.

THE story of Phaëton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is, indeed, the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

——Cæli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.————

Fumat uterque polus——comes up to *correptaque regia cæli*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving such intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

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P. 113. l. 7.—*For in the portal,* &c.] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

> ——————— *Balænarumque prementem*
> *Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.*

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

> ——————— *Facies non omnibus una*
> *Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.*

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

> *Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,*
> *Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.*

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a *group.*

> ——————— *Circum caput omne micantes*
> *Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.*

P. 114. l. 25.—*And flung the blaze,* &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had lain[a] aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may

[a] *Had lain aside*] He uses *lain* for *laid* very improperly, here, and elsewhere, on the idea, I suppose, that the verb *lay* has two perfect participles; just as the verb *load* has *loaded* and *loaden.*—But the *fact* is otherwise: and the reason is not far to seek. The double *d* in the regular participle "*loaded,*" having an ill sound, the ear gradually introduced *loaden,* which our nicer writers, and amongst the rest, our author, prefers to *loaded,* though the last is not entirely disused. There was not the same reason for changing *laid* to *lain;* and the use has never prevailed: if it had, "*had lain aside*" is, by accident, better than "*had laid aside;*" and that meliority of sound induced, no doubt, our delicate writer, who was all *ear,* to prefer "*lain,*" in this place, to *laid,* without reflecting that the established practice was, for good reason, against him.—"*Lain*" is, properly, the perfect participle of *lye—laid,* of *lay.*

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every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, tho' he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which

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are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall, therefore, only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence, to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 114. l. 38. *My son, says he*, &c.] Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri,
Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia cancrum.

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

——— Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere poscis.

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natu-

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ral, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

——Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 116. l. 20.—*A golden axle*, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of *aureus*, and the transition to *argenteus*, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 117. l. 5.—*Drive 'em not on directly*, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton.

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

Ibid. l. 21.—*And not my chariot*, &c.] Ovid's verse is *Consiliis non curribus utere nostris.* This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at

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Phaëton——*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit aurigam,* where he makes a forced piece of Latin *(animâ expulit aurigam)* that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 118. l. 5.—*The youth was in a maze,* &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaëton is; but the *antithesis* of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.*

Ibid. l. 8.—*Then the seven stars,* &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaëton had made in the world.

P. 119. l. 22.—*Athos and Tmolus,* &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 120. l. 7.—*'Twas then they say, the swarthy Moor,* &c.] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaëton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

Ibid. l. 28.—*The frighted Nile,* &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occultatque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

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are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ.

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

——————— *Quos altum texerat æquor*
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

—— *Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,*

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

——————— *Nec se super æquora curvi*
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras.

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 121. l. 9.—*The earth at length*, &c.] We have here a speech of the earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest *prosopopœia* of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE, PAGE 139.

P. 140. l. 11.—*The dignity of empire*, &c.] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

P. 141. l. 11.—*The frighted nymph looks*, &c.] This consternation and behaviour of Europa

——————— *Elusam designat imagine tauri*
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.

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Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas.

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, PAGE 142.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat 'em rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid, indeed, shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 143. l. 34.—*Spire above spire*, &c.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a mon-

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ster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

——————— Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:———————

P. 144. l. 1.—*In vain the Tyrians*, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

——————— Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line? *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

P. 146. l. 2.—*And flings the future*, &c.] The description of men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 7.—*The breathing harvest*, &c.] *Messis*

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clypeata virorum. The beauty of these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as, indeed, the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal, with water in the midst of it, for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and what is the same, though much finer expressed, —*Frondescit virga metallo.* This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily

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reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum*, Æn. 8. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—*Rupit cælestia crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's Poem to the King; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

> His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
> And *run* for ever *purple* in the looms.

FAB. II.

P. 146. l. 31.—*Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

> ——————— *Ut abesse queruntur,*
> *Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.*
> *Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,*
> *Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum,*

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P. 149. l. 7.—*A generous pack*, &c.] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, *quosque referre mora est*—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 150. l. 16.—*How Semele*, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

Quid tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.

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Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela Secunda vocant superi.————

P. 151. l. 8.—"*'Tis well,*" *says she,* &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 154. l. 25.—*She can't begin,* &c.] If playing on words[a] be excusable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more

[a] *If playing on words*] The translator would insinuate, that he omitted the *courtship of Echo,* in this place, because it was a *play on words*; but he had another, and better reason, which shews, at once, the decency of the *poet,* and the unaffected virtue of the *man*; who, not to make a merit of his *moral* scruples, pretends only a *critical.* For, that this last was nothing more than a *pretence,* appears from the following story of Narcissus; where Echo is, again, introduced by Ovid *playing on words,* but so inoffensively, that our critical translator condescends to *play* with her.

Ah youth! beloved in vain, Narcissus cries;
Ah youth! beloved in vain, the nymph replies.
Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, *farewel.*

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or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in dog-grel rhymes; or whole words, as puns, echos, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how

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so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
——— Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos———
Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 155. l. 19.—*But whilst within,* &c.] *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of Narcissus. She

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was a raw unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, and was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 156. l. 17.—"*You trees,*" *says he,* &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgment to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subitò excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*Inopem me copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 159. l. 7.—*When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I

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believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.————

FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good similies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

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AN

ESSAY[a]

ON

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a

[a] It is to be observed, that this agreeable essay was written so early as 1693, that is, when the author, at most, was but in his *one-and-twentieth year*; yet the style is so exact, that it wants but little of being absolutely faultless. One or two *words* have, indeed, lost the grace, and, in some degree, the sense which they had in the writer's days: and in one, or two *expressions*, there is some degree of inaccuracy.—But I leave it to the reader, as an exercise of his taste, to discover these instances.

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subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration, most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon, is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews

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his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is,

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than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
——— Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
——— Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence, the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for

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they ought to have a remote alliance, at least, to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country-life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at through the whole poem.

——————Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

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I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is everywhere bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the

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surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine in the next description. His descriptions, indeed, have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January; "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flea'd with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the anticness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such a variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he

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breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

> — — — *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi*
> *Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!*

And is everywhere mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

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But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was, indeed, very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

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I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

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CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. DE DIVIN. PROV.

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VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While *envy is itself in wonder lost,*
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my* light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

THO' Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
Tho' Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

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We hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On T[illegible]r's banks thy thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakespear's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sybils' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
His annual race shall thro' the zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:"
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;

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Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG.

All-Souls College, Oxon.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To show, how endless joys from freedom spring:
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, I'm satisfy'd.
  See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;

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Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From *blooming mountains*, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough was your daring song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?

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When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how 'the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?'
While hurricanes 'in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,'
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel,
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here saphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;

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By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right,)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,

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In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
We trace each hint that could my soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THO. TICKELL.

Queen's College, Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbru'd;
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.
What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause,

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Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heaven, she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All-Souls College, Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.[a]

NOW we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late, reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste;

[a] George Jefferys, Esq. Gent. Mag. xxiii. 45.

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Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd,
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O! sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.

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This Britain feels, while by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

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PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

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Even then proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend:[a] be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the ~~virtue to~~ be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

[a] *Britons attend:*] Altered thus by the author, from "*Britons arise,*" to humour, we are told, the timid delicacy of Mr. Addison, who was in pain least that fierce word "*arise,*" should be misconstrued (see Mr. Warburton's edition of Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, ep. 1, b. 1.) One is apt, indeed, to think this caution excessive; but there was ground enough for it, as will be seen, if we reflect, that the poet himself had made Sempronius talk in this strain.—"*Rise Romans, rise.*" (act ii. sc. 1.) a clear comment (it would have been said, in that furious time) on the line in question.

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CATO.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO, - - - - - - - - - -	MR. BOOTH.
LUCIUS, a Senator, - - - - -	MR. KEEN.
SEMPRONIUS, a Senator, - - -	MR. MILLS.
JUBA, Prince of Numidia, - - -	MR. WILKS.
SYPHAX, General of the Numidians,	MR. CIBBER.
PORTIUS, } Sons of Cato,	MR. POWELL.
MARCUS, } Sons of Cato,	MR. RYAN.
DECIUS, Ambassador from Cæsar,	MR. BOWMAN.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, Daughter to Cato, - -	MRS. OLDFIELD,
LUCIA, Daughter to LUCIUS, - -	MRS. PORTER.

SCENE, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

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CATO.[a]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome[b]——Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

[a] While the present humour of idolizing Shakespear continues, no quarter will be given to this poem; though it be the master-piece of the author, and was the pride of the age in which it was written.—But a time will come, when, not as a tragedy, indeed, (for which the subject was unfit) but, as a work of art and taste, it will be supremely admired by all candid and judicious critics.

[b] This opening of the drama is too solemn and declamatory. The *author* speaks,—not his "*Persona dramatis.*" Horace has given a caution against this misconduct, in his ridicule of "*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum,*" which was addressed to the tragic, as well as, epic poet.

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MARCUS.

Thy steady temper, Portius,*
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view!——I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.

* This a little palliates the indecorum, just now observed; and may let us see, that the poet himself was aware of it (so exact was his taste;) but it does not wholly excuse it.

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By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart,* and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!——

PORTIUS.

Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.

* A strange unnatural phrase: which yet hath made its fortune in modern tragedy. Besides, if these words have any meaning, it was ridiculous to add "*and aggravate my other griefs.*"

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Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

PORTIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak——Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

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MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS.

O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:——but Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth,[a] I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,

[a] *Cold youth*] Finely observed. Men of cold passions have quick eyes, and are no fit company for such men as Sempronius; whether they speak from *the heart, or dissemble*: hence, the indignant reproof of his passion, and the abrupt departure from his flatteries.

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(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,[a]
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour——I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:

[a] Wonderfully exact, both in the sentiment, and expression.—The imagery, too, is in character; the speaker being a person of the purest virtue, and a Roman.

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I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire?
Ambitiously sententious!——but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
——Cato has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!——

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

——Sempronius, all is ready,
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on

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From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues;——but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion[a] ('tis the surest way;)

[a] When a plain man, like Sempronius, turns villain, he loves to flatter himself, and to be flattered by others, into an opinion of his own cunning: hence, the boast—"*Let me alone, good Syphax,*" &c. and hence too, the adroit answer to that boast—

"In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit."

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I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

But something more must be observed, to let us into the artifice of the following scenes. The vices of men are shaped and modified by their general character. The character of a Roman was that of *virtue*; in which term, the idea of *courage and patriotism* are combined: when such a man would dissemble, he has but one way of doing it, which is, to run those qualities into the extreme; or, in the poet's fine expression,

"To be virtuous, even to madness."

The African, on the other hand, being by complexion, *a knave*, his dissimulation is of another cast. It consists in a certain pliancy of temper, and a dextrous application of himself to all humours and occasions; in a studious endeavour, in short, to conceal the proper *vice* of his nature, as the aim of a better man would be, to outrage the *virtue* of his. Hence Sempronius is always in a storm of zeal; while Syphax assumes as many shapes as the moment calls for, or his Numidian genius suggests. Even, the catastrophe of both, is suited to this difference of character: Syphax sneaks out of the conspiracy, and would escape death, if he could: Sempronius provokes his fate; and perishes in a rant of bravery, as he had lived.

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SYPHAX *solus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us——
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?

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Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUBA.

To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,

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He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

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On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon Cato.

JUBA.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,

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Prithee be careful of my son!——his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas! thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou wouldst: but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore died.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.

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Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUBA.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

JUBA.

Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick——I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!

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Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.[a]

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA.

I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

[a] The love-scenes in Cato, are beautiful in themselves, and the play could not have made its fortune without them. But "Non erat hic locus,"—yet they are not so much out of place here, as they might have been elsewhere; for they serve, in some degree, to cover the defect of the fable, which is very undramatic; and could, I think, by no management, be worked up to a due degree of tragic distress.

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JUBA.

That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air;
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul

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Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

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MARCIA.

For neither——
And yet for both——the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love——why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what——

MARCIA.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUCIA.

You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

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MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,[a]
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream,[b] when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,

[a] *Falls in tears*] It should be, "falls *into* tears," he might have said, "*Oft Portius self falls into tears before me.*"

[b] *So the pure limpid stream*] A beautiful simile, in the mouth of a *lady*, and the most natural that could be, in the mouth of a *Roman* lady, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the *yellow* Tiber, as it was called, contract, and discharge its colour.

That

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Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

That no grace might be wanting, we have it introduced by a metaphor taken from this circumstance:

"Our lives *discoloured.*"

I question if there be another instance of so consummate art, and taste, in any writer.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.[a]

The Senate.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

ENTER CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.

[a] Before the author wrote this and the following scene, he had warmed his patriotism, as well as imagination, with the Philippics of Cicero.

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Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.
Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is towering phrenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

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LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*

CATO.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.

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While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ENTER MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to Cato.——

CATO.

Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

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DECIUS.

My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,

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Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

CATO.

Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch

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Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS.

The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

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SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.[a]

[a] *Till terms arrive.*] Terms *had* arrived, already; or which is better, Decius tells Cato, he was at liberty *to name his terms:* but no terms could be accepted, so long as Cæsar resolved to keep his power. The sen-

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SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.

---

sentence before us is, then, clearly incomplete, and should be given thus, without a full stop,—"We ought to hold it out till terms arrive," meaning to add "*which it becomes us to accept*," or some such thing. But Sempronius, in his blustering way, catches at the word "*terms*," and breaks in upon Lucius, with saying—"We ought to hold it out till death." That some such clause, as I have supposed, is wanting to complete the sense, is evident, not only from the reason of the thing, but from what Cato tells Juba in the next scene, that the resolution of the senate was to hold out "Till time give better prospects," *i. e.* not only, till *terms arrive* but *better terms*, than had yet been offered.

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My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas!. I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, 'My son,' said he,
'Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.'

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!

JUBA.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?

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Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduced like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

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JUBA.

The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires
Depends on Cato.

CATO.

What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.[a]

JUBA.

Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wouldst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember

[a] *Make not my ear a stranger to thy thoughts.*] Quaintly expressed. It had been better to say plainly,

"——————and make me not
A stranger to thy thoughts."

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The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest; liberty or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince, how are you changed of late!

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I've known young Juba rise, before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Prithee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up
And bear her off.

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JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

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JUBA.

Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

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SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my prince has called me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, farther, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour in your service.

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
[a]Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,

[a] For a comment on these famous lines, see *Note on the Guardian*, No. 161.

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And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By heavens
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk——but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and forwardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewel, I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right

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In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man[a]
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both——A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:——
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——[b]

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how stands Cato?

[a] *I'd rather have that man,* &c.] That is, Juba's *honour* was the love of *honest praise.* See the note before referred to.

[b] *Cæsar, I'm wholly thine*—] Nature is finely touched in this scene, but especially in the concluding soliloquy of Syphax. An ordinary writer would not have reflected, that the worst of men are glad to lay hold on some pretence, to reconcile their baseness to themselves.

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SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:*
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

But what's this messenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fixt?

SYPHAX.

Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

* *Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:*] Wonderfully judicious. The simile, as fine as it is, had been cold and trivial, if no *particular* mountain had been specified; and none could be so properly and gracefully specified in a simile addressed to Syphax, as Mount *Atlas*.

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SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX.

Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes[a] extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

[a] *Numidian wastes*] The same beauty as in the simile of Mount Atlas.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,

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That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?[a]

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me, I've a thousand reasons——

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season;

[a] *i. e.* This flood of sorrows, into which *I am plunged.* Very ill expressed.

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That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What should I do! if I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

MARCUS.

But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,[a]
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

PORTIUS.

She sees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

[a] *Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,*] A Roman idea. An ordinary writer would not have been so observant of decorum.

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PORTIUS.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might insure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

LUCIA.

No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

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PORTIUS.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—recal
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS.

Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,

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And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death——
But, hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

LUCIA.

What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!

PORTIUS.

To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,

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More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much——farewel, my Portius,
Farewel, though death is in the word, for-ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? For-ever?

LUCIA.

Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word? for-ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp* th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA.

If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

* *Thus o'er the dying lamp*] An elegant simile, and well expressed; but too pretty for the circumstances of the speaker. If the author had had a chorus at his command, he might have introduced it more naturally.

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LUCIA.

What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder o'er us?
—But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'st thou have me say?

MARCUS.

What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

PORTIUS.

I've reason.

MARCUS.

Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

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PORTIUS.

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Prithee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

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SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER.

We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But, hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

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Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

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CATO.

Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.

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When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO.

Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

FIRST LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base, groveling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,

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They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this——

SEMPRONIUS.

Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

SYPHAX.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

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Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:[a]
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto,[b] seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

[a] *Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:*] It was so natural for Syphax, so much in his character, to suggest this expedient, that one has no suspicion of its being contrived to carry on the fable, and so bring about the interesting *discovery* in the third scene of the fourth act.—It is by the invention and improvement of such incidents as these, that the true dramatic poet is distinguished from an ordinary play-writer.

[b] *So Pluto,* &c.] The simile is in character; but is not so properly addressed to Syphax: I could wish the Numidian had been dismissed, and this last speech had past in soliloquy.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA.

O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd, alike, to be belov'd
By Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA.

Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

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LUCIA.

But should this father give you to Sempronius?

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—

* *The woman that deliberates is lost.*] This line has been thought too free, and injurious to the sex: but it is to be remembered that Marcia is speaking of *virtuous* love, which vindicates the sentence from such imputations. What, then, it may be asked, is meant by—"In spite of all the *virtue* we can boast?" clearly, the virtue of firmness, in resolving not to admit a lawful passion in unfit *circumstances*. But *all the virtue* of this sort, which the best women can muster up, will hardly keep its ground against *deliberation*. However, the *severe* Marcia was *lost* by surprise, and not by *deliberation*.

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He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.——Hah! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

ENTER JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I see? who's this that dare usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[*Sempronius falls. His guards surrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

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SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince;
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

LUCIA.

What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

ENTER JUBA *listening*.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way

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To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure glad'ned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA.

I shall run mad——

MARCIA.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA.

What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,

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Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

JUBA.

—See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA.

With pleasure and amaze,[a] I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

[a] *Amaze,*] For *amazement;* a liberty in which the poets of that time indulged themselves. So Pope:

"In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze."
DUNCIAD, b. ii. 261.

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MARCIA.

I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate mistake!

MARCIA.

O happy Marcia!

JUBA.

My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

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JUBA.

I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all.
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

CATO, LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonisht! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

CATO.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.[a]

ENTER PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

[a] *The day-light and the sun*, &c.] "Tœdet cœli convexa tueri,"
VIRG. ÆNEID. lib. iv. 451.

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CATO.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit. Por.*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

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LUCIUS.

Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

ENTER JUBA.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes——Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distrest.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

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RE-ENTER PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

CATO.

Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes.
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm satisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS.

O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!

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The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,

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The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar, Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO.

Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.
But, oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
—Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—

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JUBA.

If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome:
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS.

I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

CATO.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*

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There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

Cato solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so——Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures——This must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

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The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO.

But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO.

Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up

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A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

PORTIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

PORTIUS.

O, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

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PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS, MARCIA.

PORTIUS.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA.

Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

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LUCIA.

Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplext distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

MARCIA.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

ENTER LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.

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A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

MARCIA.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us,

ENTER JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

ENTER PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,

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And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit Portius.*

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country.—Hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

MARCIA.

Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

RE-ENTER PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

LUCIUS.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.
[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

MARCIA.

O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

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JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fallen indeed!—

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

Here set me down—
Portius come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—
—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty.[a] O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,

[a] *Alas! I fear I've been too hasty.*] This sentiment is not in character; but the amiable author, ever attentive to the interests of religion and virtue, chose, for the sake of these, to violate decorum.

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And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

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EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.

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Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO,

Nov. 1714.

THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,[a]
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring smile,

[a] *Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,*] Some little disingenuity has been charged on the author, from this line (see Pope's Works, Ep. to Aug. v. 215, Mr. Warburton's edition,) nor can I wholly acquit him of it. The truth, however, seems to be this: Mr. A. had no party-views in composing this tragedy; and he was only solicitous (whatever his friends might be) to secure the suffrage of both parties, when it was brought on the stage. But the public would only see it in a political light: and was it to be wondered at, that a poet, in a dedication too, should take advantage of the general voice, to make a merit of his imputed patriotism, with the new family? How spotless must that muse be, that, in passing through a court, had only contracted this slight stain, even in the opinion of so severe a censor and casuist as Mr. Pope!

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Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptr'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears opprest,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And soothe the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finisht heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:

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To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

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TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS

PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
  The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
  O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
  This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.

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To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller,[a] long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent.
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias,[b] thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with up-cast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;

[a] *Thou, Kneller,*] If this little poem had begun here, and ended with "*their king defy'd.*" it had been equal, or superior, to any thing in any other poet, on the like occasion.

[b] There never was any thing happier, than this whole illustration, nor more exquisitely expressed.

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By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a Jove!

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POEMATA.

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THE following Latin poems are, in their kind, excellent. They are the better worth reading, as they shew with what care our young author had studied the prince of the Latin poets; and from what source he afterwards derived, what a certain writer calls, a little whimsically indeed, but, I think, not unhappily, his *sweet Virgilian prose*. This *Virgilianism*, if I may so speak, consists in opening a subject by degrees; in presenting it, first, in few and simple terms, and then enlarging and brightening it by a more distinct and exquisite expression, till the description becomes, as it were *full-blown*, and is set before us in all its grace and beauty. With this gradual extension of a sentiment, or image, is joined an improvement in the rythm. The ear is consulted, as well as the imagination; and the harmony of numbers keeps pace with the energy of expression. It is remarkable that Mr. Addison's studious imitation of Virgil's manner, hurt his English poetry sometimes, though it always improved his English prose. The reason was, he had no facility in rhyming; and so was obliged many times to take up with a weaker word or phrase, than its place in his verse required. Hence, the frequent *redundancies* in his rhymed poetry, which were intended by him, as *amplifications*. In his prose, he was under no such restraint; and his exact taste always led him to perfection. That this observation is just, we may see from his *Cato*, where the freedom of blank verse, as it is called, secured him from this mischance; and from these *Latin poems*, in which the Virgilian gradation is every where observed, and nicely imitated.

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HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter

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ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis Tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

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POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!

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Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus[a] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mænia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovi que latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis,[b] Ductor Fortissime, turmis

[a] Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS. Baro de Gowran, &c.
[b] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

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Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum[a] qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mænia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,

[a] Muscoviæ Imperator.

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Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque[a] nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, magistatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat

[a] Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

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Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis

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Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

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BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

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Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt, obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

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ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris

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Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptar humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt, Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe

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Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu

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Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,

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Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

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RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam

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Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus,
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos

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Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus,[a] sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti

[a] Coll. Magd. Fundator.

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Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

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SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.

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Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat cõnvitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

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AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

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Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

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MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mænia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,

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Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.

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Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

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AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Supposítas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

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Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantis Favonî
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

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DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO THE

LATIN AND GREEK POETS.

———Quoniam hæc ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem. LUCRETIUS.

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VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE

ON

MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal, conspire;
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd. She found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd;
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore:

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This, the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams:
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine.
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read.
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! in soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd."

A. POPE.

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DIALOGUES[a]

UPON THE USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, Eugenius, and Philander, had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the Thames. Their design was to pass away the heat of the summer among the fresh breezes that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of Europe: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects without running into the common topics of defaming public parties,[b] or particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one ano-

[a] Mr. Addison's great reputation is chiefly owing to what he wrote in prose. This part of his works, then, will deserve to be studied with care. It is scarce possible to examine a writer of this class, without *admiring* sometimes. But I shall do it sparingly. It will be more useful to point out his defects, which, in such a crowd of beauties, may be overlooked, or may themselves be mistaken for beauties. Nor let the presumption of this attempt give offence to any, even though they should dissent from me, in the instances alleged: for, to be at the pains of inquiring whether such a writer have any faults, is, in effect, to pay the highest compliment to his merit. And for the rest, I commit myself to the candour of all capable judges.—*Nam etiam cum judicium meum ostendero, suum tamen legentibus relinquam.*

[b] *Defaming* public parties, is not a topic, but a *mode* of treating it. It had been more exact to say, "into the common *practice* of defaming public parties," &c.

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ther in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a Latin sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields, when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cynthio's humour to run down every thing that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to arts and sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies, though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rallied a set or two of *virtuosos*, he fell upon the medalists.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the Antonines, than of the Stuarts, and would rather choose to count out a sum in sesterces, than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authenticalness[a] of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.[b] A third desires you to observe well

[a] Substantives terminating in *ess*, especially if polysyllables, have an ill effect in our language.—We now say, *authenticity*.

[b] *Judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.*] Inaccurately expressed.—It should have been, "judiciously *observes* the sound of it to be modern." We say, *to distinguish one thing from another*; or, *to distinguish between one thing and another*,—but not, "*to distinguish* any thing

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the toga on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true Roman cut.

I must confess, says Philander, the knowledge of medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous, to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the stars and planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the spots in the sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been made on spiders, lobsters, and cockle-shells? yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what Philander said on the subject of medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio. I must confess, says he, I find myself very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have, however, one strong prejudice in favour of it, that Philander has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad, then, says Cynthio, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear

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thing *to be*. If the word *distinguishes* be here used, it should be in some such way as this, "*distinguishes the sound of it from that of an ancient coin.*" We first perceive a *distinction* between two things, and then *conclude* this not to be that. The word *distinguishes* is here used by Mr. A. as if it implied an act of the mind, which is consequent to *distinguishing*. The word is, therefore, improper.

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the usefulness. There, says Philander, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness. But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says Cynthio, we are already so persuaded[a] of the unprofitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed, you increase the number of your party. Well, says Philander, in hopes of making two such considerable proselytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you dissent from me, or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says Eugenius, I must tell you what I believe surprises all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a gold one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge, nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species, so that at present an *as* or an *obolus* may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma;* and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that to have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallic eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself that it is better to have a pocket

[a] *So persuaded,* &c.] Better thus, "we already account your science so unprofitable that———"

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full of *Othos* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus's* or *Louis d'ors*. This, however, we shall be judges of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says Philander, is the showing us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. Juvenal calls them very humorously,

Concisum argentum in titulos, facieaque minutas. Sat. 5.

You here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind, that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare, in our own thoughts, the face of a great man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find, too, on medals, the representations of ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses; and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: nor do you only meet[a] the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose names are not to be found any where except on medals. Some of the emperors, for example, have had wives, and some of them children, that no authors have mentioned. We are, therefore, obliged to the study of coins for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says Cynthio, to reject this last use of medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble myself with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the

[a] *Meet*] It should be "*meet with*," as we have it below—"*met with* on no other kind of records."

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world, had there not been such things as medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging itself with the names of an insignificant people, whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says Philander, you have on medals a long list of heathen deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nations of the world fall down before them. You have here, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the genius of nations, provinces, cities, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal as in a canto of Spenser. Not to interrupt you, says Eugenius, I fancy it is this use of medals that has recommended them to several history painters, who, perhaps, without this assistance, would have found it very difficult to have invented[a] such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says Philander, that painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of medals in vogue.[b] For not to mention several others, Caraccio is said to have assisted Aretine by designs that he took from the Spintriæ of Tiberius. Raphael had thoroughly studied the figures on old coins. Patin tells us that Le Brun had done the same. And it is well known that Rubens had a noble collection of medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you, that

[a] *To have invented*] He had said before, "who would have found"—it should, therefore, be "*to invent*," for an obvious reason.—

[b] *In vogue.*] It should be "*into.*"

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you see on medals not only the names and persons of emperors, kings, consuls, pro-consuls, prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was a noble time, says Cynthio, when trips and Cornish hugs could make a man immortal. How many heroes would Moorfields have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the Greeks, might have had his face stamped upon their coins. But[a] these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped up greater honours on Pindar's jockeys, than on the poet himself. But by this time, I suppose, you have drawn up all your medallic people, and, indeed, they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shewn us all conditions, sexes, and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay, you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old coins, and have made our passions, and virtues, and vices, visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of medals had been so well peopled. But, in the next place, says Philander, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them, too, their different habits and dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the medals were stamped. This is another use, says Cynthio, that, in my opinion, contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding nor imagination.[b] I know there are several supercilious critics, that will treat an author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old Romans wore a

[a] *But*] Better "*And.*" "*But*" begins the next sentence.

[b] *And is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination.*] The disjunctive "*neither*" as placed before "*capable,*" leads us to expect that *two distinct capacities* are going to be specified: whereas we have only one *capacity;* that of *pleasing,* here mentioned. Besides, the *correlative* of "*neither*" is "*nor,*" and not "*or.*" The whole should be given thus: "and is neither capable of *informing* the understanding, nor of *pleasing* the imagination, or else "and is not capable of pleasing *either* the understanding *or* imagination."

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girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *toga* had any sleeves to it till the declension of the Roman empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a bib and hanging-sleeves, as on the *bulla* and *prætexta*. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other no where but in learned authors. An antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the *vitta* and *peplus*, the *stola* and *instita*. How would an old Roman laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound author shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters.

Of the old British trowser.
Of the ruff and collar-band.
The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the shoulder-knot.
Such-a-one mistaken in his account of the surtout, &c.

I must confess, says Eugenius, interrupting him, the knowledge of these affairs is in itself very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient authors, it certainly hath its use. It is pity, indeed, there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have sometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent design to make a kind of an old Roman wardrobe, where you shall see *togas* and *tunicas*, the *chlamys* and *trabea*, and in short all the different vests and ornaments that are so often mentioned in the Greek and Roman authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the shape of an ancient garment, than he possibly can

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from the help of tedious quotations and descriptions. The design, says Philander, might be very useful, but after what models would you work? Sigonius, for example, will tell you that the *vestis trabeata* was of such a particular fashion, Scaliger is for another, and Dacier thinks them both in the wrong. These are, says Cynthio, I suppose the names of three Roman tailors: for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, says Eugenius, the critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the same moment. But as to this point, where the make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the most probable fashions. To enlarge the design, I would have another room for the old Roman instruments of war, where you might see the *pilum* and the shield, the eagles, ensigns, helmets, battering rams, and trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an arsenal of old Rome. A third apartment should be a kind of sacristy for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to universities than those collections of whalebone and crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says Cynthio, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the classic authors and at the fountain head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters, should he appeal to your university wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *De Vestiaria?* or how do you think a man that has read Vegetius, will relish your Roman arsenal? In the mean

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time, says Philander, you find on medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from medals that you must fetch their furniture. It his here, too, that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. One might make an entire gallery out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old coins. Nor are they only charged with things, but with many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins. I might add, under this head of antiquities, that we find on medals the manner of spelling in the old Roman inscriptions. That is, says Cynthio, we find that Felix is never written with an *æ* diphthong, and that, in Augustus's days, *civis* stood for *cives*, with other secrets in orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says Philander, it is certain that medals give a very great light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of medals is a body of history. It was, indeed, the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur Vaillant has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of medals has given us a chronicle of the kings of Syria. For this too is an advantage medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are, indeed, the best epitomes in the world, and let you see in one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of medals is, that they not only show you the

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actions of an emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an emperor's coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or, where they do it, they often differ in their several periods. Here, therefore, it is much safer to quote a medal than an author, for in this case you do not appeal to a Suetonius or a Lampridius, but to the emperor himself, or to the whole body of a Roman senate. Besides that a coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says Cynthio, may in some cases be of great moment, but, considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an elephant appeared in the amphitheatre in the second or the third year of Domitian? Or what am I the wiser for knowing that Trajan was in the fifth year of his tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a horse-race or bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says Eugenius; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to shew his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to Philander, that seems to be very considerable, although you medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in medals: for my own part, I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several Roman emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your medallists, upon the first naming of an emperor, will immediately tell you his age, family, and life. To

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remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says Philander, for helping me to an use that, perhaps, I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at Rome. I must own to you it surprised me to see my Ciceroni so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an emperor or empress but he knew by sight, and, as he was seldom without medals in his pocket, he would often show us the same face on an old coin, that we saw in the statue. He would discover a Commodus through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be Livia that was dressed up like a Ceres. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They well know a Zenobia by the sitting of her diadem, and will distinguish the Faustinas by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! sir, says Cynthio, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a statue that has lost his nose and ears; or, if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you, at first sight, who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an emperor or empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this, however, is easily learnt from medals, says Philander, where you may see likewise the plans of many of the most considerable buildings of old Rome. There is an ingenious gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study, who has a design of publishing the whole history of architecture, with its several improvements and decays, as it is to be met with on ancient coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved medals. You here see the copies of such

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ports and triumphal arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient temples, though the temples themselves, and the gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruins of former edifices, you may learn from coins what was their architecture, when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will, perhaps, last as long as the earth itself. They are, in short, so many real monuments of brass:

Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

Which eating show'rs, nor north wind's feeble blast,
Nor whirl of time, nor flight of years can waste.
Mr. Creech.

This is a noble panegyric on an old copper coin, says Cynthio. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a Goth or Vandal. You would laugh at me, says Philander, should I make you a learned dissertation on the nature of rusts. I shall only tell you there are two or three sorts of them, which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an antiquary, and preserve a coin better than the best artificial varnish. As for other kinds, a skilful medallist knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a temple or a triumphal arch out of its rubbish, if I may so call it, and, with a few reparations of the graving tool, restore it to its first splendor and magnificence. I have known an emperor quite hid under a crust of dross, who, after two or three days cleansing, has appeared with all his titles about him, as fresh and beautiful as at his first coming out of the mint. I am sorry, says Eugenius, I did not know this last use of medals when I was at Rome. It might, perhaps, have given me a greater taste of its antiquities, and have

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fixed in my memory several of the ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says Cynthio, I think there are at Rome enow modern works of architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of Augustus's palace, so long as I could see the Vatican, the Borghese, and the Farnese, as they now stand; I must own to you, at the same time, this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company I would, perhaps, change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of Apollo's temple than St. Peter's. I remember when our antiquary at Rome had led us a whole day together from one ruin to another, he, at last, brought us to the Rotunda; and this, says he, is the most valuable antiquity in Italy, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says Philander, has formerly gained upon several of your medallists, who were for hoarding up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old Roman clipper. I have read an author of this taste, that compares a ragged coin to a tattered colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them, too, the models of many ancient statues that are now lost. There are several reverses which are owned to be the representation of antique figures, and I question not but that there are many others that were formed on the like models, though, at present, they lie under no suspicion of it. The Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidera, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which are, perhaps, the four most beautiful statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflection may extend itself to antique pictures: for I doubt not but in the

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designs of several Greek medals in particular, one might often see the hand of an Apelles or Protogenes, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with Titian's or Vandyke's. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must, however, tell you, that medals and the civil law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old coins are like so many maps for explaining of the ancient geography. But, besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on medals, that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of coins we should never have known which was the first of the emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinences of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, though, perhaps, not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends, or colleagues, with the like particularities only to be met with on medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says Cynthio, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge that you have discovered on medals. I could never fancy, before this evening, that a coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says Philander, there is still an advantage to be drawn from medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is, indeed, an use that nobody has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the antiquaries have touched upon it, they have

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immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light, and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between coins and poetry, and that your medallist and critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says Eugenius, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to Cynthio, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the method of such as are in love with any particular science, to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic, and the civil law? Yet Vitruvius will give you his reasons, such as they are, why a good architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says Cynthio, Martial had never read Vitruvius when he threw the crier and the architect into the same class:

Duri si puer ingeni videtur
Præconem facias vel architectum.

If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse on poetry, because we are on that subject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art.[a] 'I have observed,' says he, speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony, 'that my barber has often combed my head in dactyls and spondees, that is, with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively. Nay,' says he, 'I have known him sometimes run even into

[a] *Vossius de viribus Rythmi.*

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pyrrhichius's and anapœstuses.' This you will think, perhaps, a very extravagant fancy, but, I must own, I should as soon expect to find the *prosodia* in a comb, as poetry in a medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says Philander, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries, as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of Neptune's trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients, that represented a thunderbolt with three forks, since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning, and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to show it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *cornu-copiæ*. These are a sort of authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on medals or in marble, as I doubt not but Horace alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner:

——————Gratia,
Junctis nuda sororibus:
——Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.

The sister Graces hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by Seneca's whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. 1. To remark the doing of a courtesy. 2. The return of it from the receiver. 3. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand, to show us that these three duties should be never separated. They are naked, to admo-

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nish us that gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to show us that no virtue is more active than gratitude. May not we here say with Lucretius?

Quæ bene et eximie quanquam disposta ferantur,
Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulsa.

It is an easy thing, says Eugenius, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked sisters, dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here, therefore, says Philander, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the Roman mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in a picture, as well as read them in a description. When, therefore, I confront a medal with a verse, I only show you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make myself more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an emperor's coin, designed as a compliment to him from the senate of Rome. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient poets to express protection or defence. I conclude, therefore, that this medal compliments the emperor in the same sense as the old Romans did their dictator, Fabius, when they called him the buckler of Rome. Put this reverse now, if you please, into the hands of a mystical antiquary: he shall tell you that the use of the shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of

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fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round, it is an emblem of perfection; for Aristotle has said the round figure is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity, that it does not cover a mystery; nay, there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some account. In this case, therefore,* poetry being in some respects an art of designing as well as painting or sculpture, they may serve as comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says Eugenius, by what you have said on this subject, that the poets may contribute to the explication of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy, allegorical nature you have before mentioned; but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case too, says Philander, a poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a prose-writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: so that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of antiquities that are to be met with on ancient coins. I fancy, says Cynthio, there is nothing more ridiculous than an antiquary's reading the Greek or Latin poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the erudition of the author. He will turn you over all Virgil to find out the figure of an old rostrum, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for Homer, because he has given us the fashion of a Greek sceptre. It is, indeed, odd enough to consider how all kinds of readers find their account in the old poets. Not only your men of the more refined or solid parts of

* *Poema est picturâ loquax,*

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learning, but even your alchymist and fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in Homer and Virgil. This, says Eugenius, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but Plutarch's discourse on Homer, and you will see that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that Thales and Pythagoras stole all their philosophy out of this poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that Homer understood all the figures in rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says Philander, were it possible for Homer to read his praises in this author, but he would be as much surprised as ever Monsieur Jourdain was, when he found he had talked prose all his life-time, without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe, that not only the virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen divinities, appear generally in the same dress among the poets that they wear in medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the mode from the ancient Greek statuaries. It will not, perhaps, be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the several monsters of antiquity, as chimeras, gorgons, sphinxes, and many others that make the same figure in verse as on coins. It often happens, too, that the poet and the senate of Rome have both chosen the same topic to flatter their emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: it is no wonder, therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the medal and the poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the emperor. Nay, I question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the poets that relate to the particular device of a medal.

I wonder, says Eugenius, that your medallists have not been as diligent in searching the poets as the historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightening their art. I would have somebody put the muses under a kind of contribution, to furnish out whatever they

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have in them that bears any relation to coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of medals that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says Philander, to hear you of this opinion, for, to tell you truly, when I was at Rome, I took occasion to buy up many imperial medals that have any affinity with passages of the ancient poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical cash, which I fancy I could count over to you in Latin and Greek verse. If you will drink a dish of tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says Cynthio, how the poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are, however, obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields, without taking notice of it. Philander first put them in mind, that, unless they turned back quickly, they would endanger being benighted.[a] Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects; but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to medals. I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling myself with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the finest treatises of the most polite Latin and Greek writers are in dialogue, as many very valuable pieces of French, Italian, and English, appear in the same dress. I have, sometimes, however, been very much distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays

[a] This sentence is not expressed so gracefully and easily as it might have been.

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an author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble myself, nor my reader, with the first salutes[a] of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the tea-table. We will suppose the china dishes taken off, and a drawer of medals supplying their room. Philander, who is to be the hero in my dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to Cynthio and Eugenius, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous ladies that you have ever, perhaps, conversed with. I do not know, says Cynthio, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find, says Philander, there is good sense in it. They have not a single ornament that they cannot give a reason for. I was going to ask you, says Eugenius, in what country you find these ladies. But I see they are some of those imaginary persons you told us of last night, that inhabit old coins, and appear no where else but on the reverse of a medal. Their proper country, says Philander, is the breast of a good man; for I think they are most of them the figures of virtues. It is a great compliment, methinks, to the sex, says Cynthio, that your virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says Philander, but because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You will find, however, something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure, which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in Silius Italicus.[b]

Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compositâ mutata comâ, stans vultus, et ore
Incessuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
Celsa humeris, nivcæ fulgebat stamine pallæ. SIL. IT. lib. 15.

——— A different form did Virtue wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th' unplaited hair,

[a] "*Salutations*" had been better.

[b] First series. Fig. 1.

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With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the goddess show,
And robes unsullied as the falling snow.

Virtue and Honour had their temples bordering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of Galba.[a] Silius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his Virtue.

Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu, [Virtus loquitur.
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. *Ibid.*

With me the foremost place let honour gain, [*Virtue speaks.*
Fame, and the Praises mingling in her train;
Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.

Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus.
STAT. SIL. lib. 2.

The head of Honour is crowned with a laurel, as Martial has adorned his Glory after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mœsta comas.

I find, says Cynthio, the Latins mean courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern Italians give the same name on the same account to the knowledge of curiosities. Should a Roman painter at present draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the spear and paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a bust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

The next, says Philander, is a lady of a more peaceful character, and had her temple at Rome.[b]

——— *Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She is often placed on the reverse of an imperial coin, to show the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote that plenty is the fruit of concord.

[a] Fig. 2. [b] Fig. 3.

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After this short account of the goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the deity that is described in the following verses of Seneca, who would have her propitious to the marriage of Jason and Creusa. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

——————— Asperi
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibit manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. SEN. MED. act. I.

Who sooths great Mars the warrior god,
And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of plenty fills her hands.

The description, says Eugenius, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any further note on this passage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of Seneca, says Philander, will understand the precedent verses as a description of Venus, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with Concord: and that this was a goddess who used to interest herself in marriages, we may see in the following description.

——————— Jamdudum poste reclinis,
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insigni geminat Concordia tædâ.
STATII EPITHALAMION. Silv. lib. I.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet Hymen waits to raise the nuptial song,
Her sacred bands majestic Juno lends,
And Concord with her flaming torch attends.

Peace[a] differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. You may observe in both these figures, that the vest is gathered up before them, like an apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the *cornu-copiæ*. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes.

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus antè sinus.

[a] Fig. 4.

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Kind Peace appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of Avarice.

——— *Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.*
PRUD. PSYCHOMACHIA.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primùm
Duxit arraturos sub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.———
TIBUL. El. 10, lib. 1.

She first, white Peace, the earth with plough-shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old poets as a token of peace.

Pace orare manu——— VIRG. ÆN. 10.
Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis olivæ.
OV. MET. lib. 7.

In his right hand an olive-branch he holds.

——— *furorem*
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ. LUC. lib. 8.

———To move his haughty soul they try
Entreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.
Mr. ROWE.

Which, by the way, one would think had been spoken rather of an Attila, or a Maximin, than Julius Cæsar.

You see Abundance or Plenty[a] makes the same figure in medals as in Horace.

——— *tibi copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. HOR. lib. 1, od. 17.

———Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. Mr. CREECH.

[a] Fig. 5.

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The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus.

——————— *Aurea fruges*
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu. Hor. Epist. 12. lib. 1.

——— Golden Plenty with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land. Mr. Creech.

But to return again to our virtues. You have here the picture of Fidelity,[a] who was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans.

Si tu oblitus es at Dii meminerunt, meminit Fides.
Catul. ad Alphen.

I should fancy, from the following verses of Virgil and Silius Italicus, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt ——————— Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Mr. Dryden.

——————— *ad limina sanctæ*
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta, polo tum forte remoto
Cælicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Justitiæ consors ——————— Sil. It. lib. 2.

He to the shrines of Faith his steps addrest.
She, pleas'd with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky,
Ere Jove was born she grac'd the bright abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
The stedfast earth, and rolling ocean know.

There is a Medal of Heliogabalus,[b] inscribed *Fides Exercitus*, that receives a great light from the preceding verses. She is posted between two military ensigns, for the good quality that the poet ascribes to her, of preserving the public peace, by keeping the army true to its allegiance.

[a] Fig. 6. [b] Fig. 7.

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I fancy, says Eugenius, as you have discovered the age of this imaginary lady, from the description that the poets have made of her, you may find, too, the colour of the drapery that she wore in the old Roman paintings, from that verse in Horace,

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno ——— Hor. Od. 35, lib. 1.

Sure Hope and Friendship cloath'd in white,
Attend on thee ——— Mr. Creech.

One would think, says Philander, by this verse, that Hope and Fidelity had both the same kind of dress. It is certain Hope might have a fair pretence to white, in allusion to those that were candidates for an employ.[a]

——— *quem ducit hiantem*
Cretata ambitio ——— Pers. Sat. 5.

And how properly the epithet of *rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure.[b] She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a *multicium*, from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.
Hor. Ep. 14, lib. 1.

I that lov'd ———
Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown.
Mr. Creech.

I remember, says Cynthio, Juvenal rallies Creticus, that was otherwise a brave, rough fellow, very handsomely, on this kind of garment.

——— *sed quid*
Non facient alii cum tu multitia sumas,
Cretice? et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas. ——— Juv. Sat. 2.

[a] *Employ.*] For "employment;" as before, "*salute*," for "salutation."—This way of turning a verb into a substantive, has a grace in poetry, which it has not in prose.

[b] Fig. 8.

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Acer et indomitus Libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pelluces ——————— Juv. Sat. 2.

——————— Nor, vain Metellus, shall
From Rome's tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainst harlotry, whilst thou art clad so thin,
That thro' thy cobweb-robe we see thy skin,
As thou declaim'st ——————— Mr. Tate.
Canst thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the bench? *Idem.*

But pray what is the meaning that this transparent lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on medals do nothing without a meaning. Besides, I suppose there is a moral precept at least couched under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says Philander, that it may not encumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for Hope to press forward to her proper objects, as for Fear to fly from them.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo est: hic spe celer, illa timore.
De Apol. et Daph. Ov. Met. lib. 1.

As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay:
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:——
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,
She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
Mr. Dryden.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of Hope and Fear in extremity. A flower or blossom that you see in the right hand is a

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proper ornament for Hope, since they are these that we term, in poetical language, the hopes of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager ———————— Ov. Met. lib. 15.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around. Mr. Dryden.

The same poet in his *De Fastis*, speaking of the vine in flower, expresses it,

In spe vitis erat ———————— Ov. de Fast. lib. 5.

The next on the list is a lady of a contrary character,[a] and therefore in a quite different posture. As Security is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. Mr. Creech.

She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets often compare an obstinate resolution or a great firmness of mind to a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c. Hor.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf—&c. Mr. Creech.

[a] Fig. 9.

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I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode to Fortune. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out Security, or something very like it; and, till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

AD FORTUNAM. HOR. lib. 1, od. 35.

To thee their vows rough Germans pay,
To thee the wand'ring Scythians bend,
Thee mighty Rome proclaims a friend:
And for their tyrant sons
The barb'rous mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their thrones.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Lest you should kick their column down,
And cloud the glory of their crown;
They fear that you would raise
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their empire, or confine their praise.

Mr. CREECH.

I must, however, be so fair as to let you know that Peace and Felicity have their pillars in several medals, as well as Security, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next figure is that of Chastity,[a] who was worshipped as a goddess, and had her temple.

——————— *deinde ad superos Astræa recessit*
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

De Pudicitia, JUV. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew. Mr. DRYDEN.

[a] Fig. 10.

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Templa pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet? TIB. lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
Why rear we useless fanes to Chastity?

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos
Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant. ALCIAT.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like these was Chastity reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes.
Ov. de Art. Aman.

———frontem limbo velata pudicam.
CLAUD. de Theod. Cons.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whose bands the brows of Chastity surround,
And her coy robe that lengthens to the ground. Mr. CREECH.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.
HOR. Sat. 2, lib. 1.

Besides, a matron's face is seen alone;
But Kate's, that female bully of the town,
For all the rest is cover'd with a gown. Mr. CREECH.

That, *ni Catia est*, says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English satirists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our English libellers are for hewing a man downright, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised to meet with a man in a satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage,

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than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our English poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepense in their satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the poem, let you see they writ the whole poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of Piety?

As Chastity,[a] says Philander, appears in the habit of a Roman matron, in whom that virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, Piety wears the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is, you know, an expression among the Latin poets. I do not question but you have seen, in the Duke of Florence's gallery, a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an altar, which some of the antiquarians call a Piety, and others a vestal virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that religion makes in Phædrus's fables.

Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos. Fab. 10, lib. 4.

It is to this goddess that Statius addresses himself in the following lines.

Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cælo
Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetrusci
Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge. STATIUS SIL. lib. 3.

Chief of the skies, celestial Piety!
Whose godhead, priz'd by those of heavenly birth,
Revisits rare these tainted realms of earth,
Mild in thy milk-white vest, to soothe my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (ere chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolish'd, and a golden age,

[a] Fig. 11.

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Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mixt in the soft solemnities of woe,
See, see, thy own Hetruscus wastes the day
In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *acerra* that you so often find among the poets, in which the frankincense was preserved that Piety is here supposed to strew on the fire.

Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram. Ov. Met. lib. 13.

Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ
Phœbe ——— Mart. lib. 4, Epig. 45.

The figure of Equity[a] differs but little from that our painters make of her at present. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that Persius has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong.

——— *Quirites*
Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Scis etenim justum gemind suspendere lance
Ancipitis Libræ. Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

——— Romans, know,
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, &c.
Mr. Dryden.

The next figure I present you with is Eternity.[b] She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of Eternity is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter, as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the poet's fancy, that could turn the same thought to so many different ways.

[a] Fig. 12. [b] Fig. 13.

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Hæc æterna manet, divisque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.
De Rotunditate Corporum. MANIL. lib. 1.

This form 's eternal, and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same;
Alike, and equal to its self 'tis found,
No end and no beginning in a round:
Nought can molest its being, nought controul,
And this ennobles, and confines the whole. Mr. CREECH.

Par volucer superis: stellas qui vividus æquat
Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum.——
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.——
O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habiture vices, quæ sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere letho.——
O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus.
Vidisti quodcunque fuit. Te secula teste
Cuncta revoluntur: nosti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaëtonteis erroribus arserit annus.
Et clades Te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non stamina Parcæ
In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi.
De Phœnice CLAUD.

A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;—
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate.—
O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn.—
Thrice happy Phœnix! heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir.
By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside.
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns.
Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;

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When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the Phœnix, distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the sun.

Solis avi specimen ——————————
Una est quæ reparet seque ipsa resuminet ales;
Assyrii Phœnica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
Sed Thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
Quo simul ac casias, ac nardi lenis aristas
Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum Phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Fertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque sepulchrum,
Perque leves aureas Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit. Ov. Met. lib. 15.

—————————— *Titanius ales.* Claud. de Phœnice.

——— From himself the Phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;

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Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An Infant-Phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load, the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this (with pious care
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch.

Mr. Dryden.

Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus ossa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem ——————

Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young Phœnix from the teeming urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil
Bears the dear reliques to the distant Nile:
Himself a species! Then, the bird of Jove,
And all his plumy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The radiated head of the Phœnix gives us the meaning of a passage in Ausonius, which I was formerly surprised to meet with in the description of a bird. But at present I am very well satisfied the poet must have had his eye on the figure of this bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was impossible to take it from the life.

Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos,
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
Quam novies terni glomerantem secula tractûs
Vincunt æripedes ter terno Nestore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates superat Phœbeius oscen,
Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido. Auson. Eidyll. 11.

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Arcanum radiant oculi jubar, igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serenâ
Luce secat ——————————— CLAUD. DE PHÆN.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

——————— *Procul ignea lucet*
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.
CL. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of beings with that of Hesiod, I shall give it you in a translation of that poet.

Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies superat vivendo garrula cornix:
Et quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.
Alipedem cervum ter vincit corvus: at illum
Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabilis ales.
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
Nymphæ Hamadryades: quarum longissima vita est:
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum. AUSON. Eidyl. 18.

The utmost age to man the gods assign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating daws exceed:
Three times the daw's the deer's more lasting breed:
The deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun:
Nine times the raven, Titan's feather'd son:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd
The Hamadryads shine ten ages round:
Their breath the longest is the fates bestow;
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good arithmetician, says Cynthio, to understand this author's works. His description runs on like a multiplication table. But methinks the poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says Philander. It seems to me, from the next medal,[a] it was an opinion among them, that

[a] Fig. 14.

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the Phœnix renewed herself at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the golden age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in Claudian.

Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.
CLAUD. de rapt. Pros. lib. 2.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be Jupiter, by the author that has published this medal, but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at Rome an antique statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as Seneca describes him, and not with a serpent as he is generally represented.

——————— *properat cursu*
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. HERC. fur. act. 1.

Life posts away,
And day from day drives on with swift career
The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of Time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished.

——— *consumpto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno*
Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum:
Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi. AUSON. Eidyl. 18.

When round the great platonic year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wand'ring stars shall stand,
As when first marshal'd by the Almighty's hand.

To sum up, therefore, the thoughts of this medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the golden age, which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses Time, or if

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you please Jupiter, signifies the finishing of the great year; and that the Phœnix figures out the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this medal to the Emperor Adrian, is in all respects the same that Virgil makes to Pollio's son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus* or Platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the golden age.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. VIRG. Ec. 4.

The time is come the Sibyls long foretold,
And the blest maid restores the age of gold
In the great wheel of Time before enroll'd.
Now a great progeny from heav'n descends.
LORD LAUDERDALE.

——— *nunc adest mundo dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruinâ; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generet renascens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. SEN. Oct. act. 2.

——— The last great day is come,
When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
Crusht in the ruins of the falling sky,
Whence fresh shall rise, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offspring and a purer race,
Such as erewhile in golden ages sprung,
When Saturn govern'd, and the world was young.

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with one of Constantine, so far as the Phœnix is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of France's medalions.

The next figure shadows out Eternity[a] to us, by the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is "as long as the sun and moon endureth." The heathens made choice of these lights as apt symbols of Eternity, because, contrary to all sublunary Beings, though they seem

[a] Fig. 16.

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to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda. CATUL.

The suns shall often fall and rise!
But when the short-liv'd mortal dies
And night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of Catullus or not, has applied the same thought to the moon; and that too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus. HOR. Od. 7, lib. 4.

Each loss the hast'ning moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With Tullus and Anchises' son,
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To dust and shades, without a sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood. Sir W. TEMPLE.

In the next figure Eternity[a] sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of Eternity the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the poets, as an expression of what is never like to end.

——— *Stellas qui vividus æquas*
Durando ——— CLAUD.

——— *Polus dum sidera pascet,*
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c. SEN. MED.

I might here tell you that Eternity[b] has a covering on her head, because we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, because we see only those parts of her that are actually running on; that she sits on a

[a] Fig. 17. [b] *Vid.* Fig. 13.

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globe and bears a sceptre in her hand, to shew she is sovereign mistress of all things; but for any of these assertions I have no warrant from the poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer than ordinary on such a subject as Eternity. The next you see is Victory,[a] to whom the medallists as well as poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adfuit ipsa suis Ales Victoria——— CLAUD. de 6 Cons. Honor.
———*dubiis volitat Victoria pennis.* OV.
———*niveis Victoria concolor alis.* Sil. It.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory.

———*lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ.* OV. Met.
Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. VIRG. ÆN. 5.
Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas visent capitolia pompas.
Apollo ad Laurum. OV. MET.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass. DRYDEN.

By the way, you may observe the lower plaits of the drapery that seem to have gathered the wind into them. I have seen abundance of antique figures in sculpture and painting, with just the same turn in the lower foldings of the vest, when the person that wears it is in a posture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina Vestes. OV. Met. lib. 1.
——— As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view. DRYDEN.
———*tenues sinuantur flamine vestes.* Id. lib. 2.

It is worth while to compare this figure of Victory with her statue as it is described in a very beautiful passage of Prudentius.

[a] Fig. 18.

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Non aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quod miles propriis diffisus viribus optas
Irrita fœmineæ tibimet solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.

Prudentius contra Symm. lib. 2.

Shall Victory entreated lend her aid
For cakes of flour on smoking altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th' embattled plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazzling wings the golden dame displays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her god-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air?
What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!
Dost thou the power that gives success demand?
'Tis he th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the smooth nymph, whose locks in knots are twin'd,
Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

You have here another Victory[a] that I fancy Claudian had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm, and trophy in the following description. It appears on a coin of Constantine, who lived about an age before Claudian, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this poet has copied out of his descriptions.

[a] Fig. 19.

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——— *cum totis exurgens ardua pennis*
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
CLAUD. de Lau. Sil. lib. 3.

On all her plumage rising when she threw
Her sacred shrines wide open to thy view,
How pleas'd for thee her emblems to display,
With palms distinguish'd, and with trophies gay.

The last of our imaginary beings is Liberty.[a] In her left hand she carries the wand that the Latins call the Rudis or Vindicta, and in her right the cap of liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first, whom Ovid has imitated on the same occasion, and for the latter Martial.

——— *donatum jam rude quæris*
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo. HOR. lib. 1, ep. 1.

——— *tardâ vires minuente senectâ*
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat. OV. de TR. lib. 4, el. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto
Quem regem, et dominum prius vocabam,
Nè me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi. MAR. lib. 2, epig. 68.

By thy plain name though now addrest,
Though once my king and lord confest,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthio, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a cap on his head and giving him a turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A slave thus qualified became a citizen of Rome, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his forefathers, which Persius has repeated with a great deal of humour.

[a] Fig. 20.

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——— Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est, nam tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est; assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant. PERS. Sat. 5.

That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety would become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our caps receive;
Than as we please without controul to live. MR. DRYDEN.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the cap, says Eugenius, I'll give you that of the wand, out of Claudian.

Te fastos incunte quater, solennia ludit
Omnia libertas, deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato reneat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera promissi felix injuria voti. CLAUD. de 4. Cons. Hon.

The *grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says Cynthio, would have told us the name of the author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradiction as Claudian. He loves to set his epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurdity. If this poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

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I question not, says Philander, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets. The first of them, says Cynthio, is a ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says Philander, is an emblem of Happiness,[a] as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same device to express the same thought in several of the poets: as in Horace, when he speaks of the moderation to be used in a flowing fortune, and in Ovid, when he reflects on his past happiness.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela. Hor. od. 10, lib. 2.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then shew a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails. Mr. Creech.

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antemnas aura secunda meas.
Ov. de Tris. lib. 5, el. 12.

En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.
Id. epist. ex Ponto 3, lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while Fortune's balmy gales
Wanton'd auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the metaphor is the same in the verses as in the medal, with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole ship made use of in the same sense by an old poet, as it is here on the medal, you may find it in a pretty allegory of Seneca.

[a] Second series, fig. 1.

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Fata si liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè pressæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem. SEN. ŒDIP. chor. act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The bark should pass secure and slow,
Nor scare me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having considered the ship as a metaphor, we may now look on it as a reality, and observe in it the make of the old Roman vessels, as they are described among the poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time.

Sive opus est velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus est remo remige carpit iter.
OV. DE TRIS. lib. 1, el. 10.

The poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

——————— *Puppique recurvæ.* Ibid. lib. 1, el. 3.

——————— *Littora curvæ*
Prætexunt puppes ——————— VIRG.

You see the description of the pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 5.

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit, excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput. ——————— Id. ÆN. lib. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborne;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd;——————— Mr. DRYDEN.

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——————— Segnemque Menaten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociûmque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipse gubernaclo rector subit. Id. Æn. lib. 5.

Mindless of others' lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage,) and careless of his own:
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm ——————— Mr. Dryden.

I have mentioned these two last passages of Virgil, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a Triton, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below, with a trumpet in his mouth. Virgil describes him in the same manner on one of Æneas's ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in Silius Italicus.

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui lasciva tenus hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda. Vir. Æn. lib. 10.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waist he shews,
A porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.
Lord Lauderdale.

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus.—————— Sil. It. lib. 14.

I am apt to think, says Eugenius, from certain passages of the poets, that several ships made choice of some god or other for their guardians, as among the Roman catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular saint. To give you an instance of two or three.

Est mihi sitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis——————
Ov. De Tris. lib. 1, el. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. lib. 14.

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Hammon numen erat Libycæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigerâque sedens spectabat cærula fronte. Ibid.

The poop great Ammon, Libya's god display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The figure of the deity was very large, as I have seen it on other medals, as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by Silius Italicus and Persius.

——————— *Subito cum pondere victus*
Insiliente mari submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virûm cristæque, et inerti spicula ferro
Tutelæque deûm fluitant. ——————— Sil. It. lib. 14.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful, down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close,
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods,
And useless spears confus'd with tutelary gods.

——————— *trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa*
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit: Iönio jacet ipse in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ. ——————— Pers. Sat. 6.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast:
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
Mr. Dryden.

You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods that Horace mentions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the gods as well as the *lintea*.

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——————— *Non tibi sunt integra lintea,*
Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo. Hor. od. 14, lib. 1.

Thy stern is gone, thy gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dang'rous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high. Mr. Creech.

Since we are engaged so far in the Roman shipping, says Philander, I'll here show you a medal[a] that has on its reverse a *rostrum* with three teeth to it; whence Silius's *trifidum rostrum* and Virgil's *rostrisque tridentibus*, which, in some editions is *stridentibus*, the editor choosing rather to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know the meaning of. Flaccus gives us a *rostrum* of the same make.

——————— *Volat immissis cava pinus habenis*
Infinditque salum, et spumas vomit ære tridenti.
Val. Flac. Argon. lib. 1.

A ship-carpenter of old Rome, says Cynthio, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel, among the Latin poets. Let us now, if you please, go to the next medal.

The next, says Philander, is a pair of scales,[b] which we meet with on several old coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the heavens, which was the reigning constellation of Rome and Italy? Whether it be so or not, they are capable, methinks, of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in Manilius.

Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
Et propriis frænat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.
Manil. lib 4.

[a] Fig. 2. [b] Fig. 3.

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The Scales rule Italy, where Rome commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poise,
How low some nations sink and others rise;
Thus guide the scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us Cæsar,[a] founder of our Rome. Mr. Creech.

The thunder-bolt is a reverse of Augustus.[b] We see it used by the greatest poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this medal, for, in another place, the same poet applies the same metaphor to Augustus's person.

——————— *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas ——————— Virg. Æn. lib. 6.

——————— Who can declare
The Scipio's worth, those thunderbolts of war? Mr. Dryden.

——————— *dum Cæsar ad altum*
Fulminat Euphratem bello ——— Id. Georg. lib. 4.

While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war. Mr. Dryden.

I have sometimes wondered, says Eugenius, why the Latin poets so frequently give the epithets of *trifidum* and *trisulcum* to the thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks, as in the present figure. Virgil insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving tool.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.
Virg. Æn. lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store

[a] So Vossius reads it. [b] Fig. 4.

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As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame. Mr. Dryden.

Our next reverse is an oaken garland,[a] which we find on abundance of imperial coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to shew that the garland of oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of Claudian, where the compliment to Stilico is the same that we have here on the medal. I question not but the old coins gave the thought to the poet.

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Cæsurum potuit morti subducere civem.
Ad tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Munibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?
Claud. de Laud. Stil. lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threat'ning foe, our sires decreed
An oaken garland for the victor's meed.
Thou who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free,
What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be supposed that the emperor had actually covered a Roman in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or restored justice; for, in any of these, or the like cases, he may very well be said to have saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly, we find Virgil distributing his oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strengthened the dominions of Rome; as we may learn from Statius, that the statue of Curtius, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. Virg. Æn. lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear:

[a] Fig. 5.

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Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground. Mr. Dryden.

Ipse loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumeros æris sonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut sensit mugire Forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora situ, meritâque caput venerabile quercu.
Statius Syl. lib. 1.

The guardian of that lake, which boasts to claim
A sure memorial from the Curtian name;
Rous'd by th' artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud Forum pierc'd the shades profound,
The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
And shook the civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next medal are emblems of plenty.[a]

———— *Apparetque beata pleno*
Copia cornu. Hor. Carm. Sæc.

Your medalists tell us that two horns on a coin signify an extraordinary plenty. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two thunderbolts, two *Caduceuses*, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double *cornu-copia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some representing it as the horn of Achelous broken off by Hercules, and others, as the horn of the goat that gave suck to Jupiter.

———— *rigidum fera dextera cornu*
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque à fronte revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrârunt; divesque meo bona copia cornu est.
Dixerat: at Nymphe ritu succincta Dianæ
Una ministrarum, fusis utrinque capillis,
Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et mensas felicia poma secundas.
De Acheloi Corn. Ov. Met. lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he bore the stubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flow'rs and fruits the Naiads bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.

[a] Fig. 6.

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He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stored;
And ruddy apples for the second board. Mr. Gay.

Lac dabat illa deo: sed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Sustulit hoc Nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cæli tenuit, solioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quot dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.
De Cornu Amalth. Ov. de Fast. lib. 5.

The god she suckled, of old Rhea born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted oak she tost
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair Amalthæa took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it, and with garlands bound,
Which to the smiling infant she convey'd.
He, when the sceptre of the gods he sway'd,
When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry heav'ns adorn,
And grateful in the zodiac fix'd her horn.

Betwixt the double *cornu-copia* you see Mercury's rod.

Cyllenes cælique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.
Mart. lib. 7, epig. 74.

Descend, Cyllene's tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old coins as an emblem of Peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *virga somnifera*. It has wings, for another quality that Virgil mentions in his description of it.

——— *Hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat.* Virg.

Thus arm'd the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
Mr. Dryden.

The two heads over the two *cornu-copiæ* are of the emperor's children, who are sometimes called among

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the poets the Pledges of Peace, as they took away the occasions of war, in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

——— tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens———
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. SEN. Octav. act. 5.

The first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This medal, therefore, compliments the emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that promise peace and plenty to the empire.

The two hands that join one another are emblems of Fidelity.[a]

Inde Fides dextræque datæ——— OV. MET. lib. 14.

Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Contige dextram——— SEN. Herc. Fur. act. 2.

——— en dextra fidesque
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates! VIRG. Æn. lib. 4.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods.——— Mr. DRYDEN.

By the inscription we may see that they represent, in this place, the fidelity or loyalty of the public towards their emperor. The Caduceus rising between the hands signifies the peace that arises from such an union with their prince, as the spike of corn, on each side, shadows out the plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres. OV. de Fast. lib. 1.

The giving of a hand,[b] in the reverse of Claudius, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew Caligula, Claudius was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the Prætorian guards, and

[a] Fig. 7. [b] Fig. 8.

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afterwards declared their emperor. His reception is here recorded on a medal, in which one of the ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as Anchises gives it in the following verses.

Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præsenti munere firmat.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the Roman eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in Juvenal's fourteenth satire.

Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat———————————— JUV. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the poets the Signifer is described with a lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. Virgil has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a lion's skin.

———— *tegmen torquens immane leonis*
Terribili impexum seta, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 7.

Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall a horrid guest! Mr. DRYDEN.

Since you have mentioned the dress of your standard-bearer, says Cynthio, I cannot forbear remarking that of Claudius, which was the usual Roman habit. One may see in this medal, as well as in any antique statues, that the old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the Roman poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the

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turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, Horace speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When Telephus his youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the Roman habit that gave Virgil the thought in the following verse, where Remulus, among other reproaches that he makes the Trojans for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the make of their *tunicas* that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the Romans.

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent ridimicula mitræ.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the Italians preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the Trojans became their masters, and that the Trojans themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of Italy. This, he tells us, was the effect of a prayer that Juno made to Jupiter.

Illud te nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto;)
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent;
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit Latium, sint Albani per sæcula reges:

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Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troja. Æn. lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still: let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain. Mr. Dryden.

By the way, I have often admired at Virgil for representing his Juno with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure, says Eugenius, that Virgil knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the queen of the gods to make, as we may find by Jupiter's way of accepting it.

Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem.
Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantùm
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, &c. Æn. lib. 12.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will myself their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
Mr. Dryden.

I am apt to think Virgil had a further view in this request of Juno than what his commentators have disco-

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vered in it. He knew very well that his Æneid was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Æneas's coming into Italy was not universally received among the Romans themselves. He knew, too, that a main objection to this story was the great difference of customs, language, and habits, among the Romans and Trojans. To obviate, therefore, so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and pre-determination of the gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the lady in the next medal? Methinks she is very particular in her *quoiffure*.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness,[a] says Philander, and was designed as a compliment to Julia the wife of Septimius Severus, who had the same number of children as you see on this coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to Cybele the mother of the gods, and for the same reason that Virgil compares the city of Rome to her.

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu———— VIRG. Æn. lib. 6.

High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes a Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd. Mr. DRYDEN.

The vine issuing out of the urn, speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist.—"Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house." The four stars overhead, and the same number on the globe, represent the four children. There is a medalion of Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, with a star over each of their heads, as we find the Latin poets speaking of the children of princes under the same metaphor.

Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.
OVID De Trist. lib. 2, el. 1.

———*Tu quoque extinctus jaces,*
Defende nobis semper, infelix puer,

[a] Fig. 9.

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Modo sidus orbis, columen augustæ domûs,
Britannice ——————— SEN. Octav. act. 1.

Thou too, dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
Thou star that wont this orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the Julian race?

——— *Maneas hominum contentus habenis,*
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.
STAT. Theb. lib. 1.

——— Stay, great Cæsar, and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities. Mr. POPE.

I need not mention Homer's comparing Astyanax to the morning-star, nor Virgil's imitation of him in his description of Ascanius.

The next medal was stampt on the marriage of Nero and Octavia;[a] you see the sun over the head of Nero, and the moon over that of Octavia. They face one another according to the situation of these two planets in the heavens.

——————— *Phœbeis obvia flammis*
Demet nocti luna timores. SEN. Thyest. act. 4.

And to shew that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband.

Sicut luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non videt astris.
MAN. lib. 4.

Because the moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray. Mr. CREECH.

But if we consider the history of this medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the medalists have yet discovered. Nero and Octavia were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, Claudius being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the tragedy of Octavia, where it speaks of her marriage with Nero.

[a] Fig. 10.

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Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur à patriâ
Pellitur Aulâ?———— SEN. Oct. act. I.

To Jove, his sister consort wed,
Uncensur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall Cæsar's wife and sister wait,
An exile at her husband's gate?

Implebit aulam stirpe cælesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. Ibid. act. 2.

Thy sister bright with every blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t' enlarge the Claudian race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are, therefore, very prettily represented by the sun and moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. Virgil gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna. VIRG. Georg. 1.

The flattery on the next medal[a] is in the same thought as that of Lucretius.

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ;
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol. LUCRET. lib. 3.

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outshone,
As far as meaner stars the mid-day sun. Mr. CREECH.

The emperor appears as the rising sun, and holds a globe in his hand, to figure out the earth that is enlightened and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras. VIRG.

———— *ubi primos crastinus ortus*
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. Idem.

When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays. Mr. DRYDEN.

[a] Fig. 11.

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On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. Claudian, in the description of his infant Titan, descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian.

Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus altè
Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.
CLAUD. de rapt. Pros. lib. 2.

An infant Titan held she in her arms;
Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

The sun rises on a medal of Commodus,[a] as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaëton.

Ardua prima via est, et quâ vix manè recentes
Enituntur equi ——— Ov. MET. lib. 2.

You have here, too, the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage.

——— *Pyroëis, et Eöus, et Æthon,*
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon——— Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
Obstantes scindunt nebulas——— Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as Ovid has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit. Ibid.

The Earth at length———
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat).

The *cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter.

[a] Fig. 12.

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Hoccine mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?
Ov. Met. lib. 2.

And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the medal; as for the thought of it, the antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to Commodus on his skill in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished Lucan with the same thought in his address to Nero.

Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conscendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
Igna vago lustrare juvet ——— Luc. lib. 1. ad Neronem.

Or if thou chuse the empire of the day,
And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam. Mr. Rowe.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the sun described in the poets by metaphors borrowed from the Circus.

Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
Huc illuc agiles, et servet in æthere metas. Manil. lib. 1.

——— *Hesperio positas in litore metas.* Ov. Met. lib. 2.

Et sol ex æquo metâ distabat utrâque. Idem.

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of Commodus to the sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry, I had almost said, as the sun itself.

I believe, says Cynthio, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater num-

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ber. Horace has turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

——————— laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat———————

Hor. Sat. 7, lib. 1.

He praiseth Brutus much and all his train;
He calls him Asia's Sun——————— Mr. Creech.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of stars, moons, and suns. I suppose we have at last done with the cœlestial bodies.

The next figure[a] you see, says Philander, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to Constantine before the battle with Maxentius. We are told by a Christian poet, that he caused it to be wrought on the military ensign that the Romans call their *labarum*. And it is on this ensign that we find it in the present medal.

Christus purpureum gemmanti. textus in auro
Signabat Labarum.———————

Prudent. contra Symm. lib. 1.

A Christ was on th' Imperial standard borne,
That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following medal[b] and verses.

Agnoscas, regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
In quibus effigies crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.

Constantinus Romam alloquitur. ibid.

My ensign let the queen of nations praise,
That rich in gems the christian cross displays:
There rich in gems; but on my quiv'ring spears
In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

Vexillumque crucis summus dominator adorat. Id. in Apotheosi.

[a] Fig. 13. [b] Fig. 14.

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See there the cross he wav'd on hostile shores,
The emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*;[a] if you have a mind to see it in a state of Paganism you have it on a coin of Tiberius. It stands between two other ensigns, and is the mark of a Roman colony where the medal was stamped. By the way, you must observe, that wherever the Romans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carried before them when they went to settle themselves in a colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in Silius Italicus, that make a very far-fetched compliment to Fabius.

Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte,
Hic patria est, murique urbis stant pectore in uno.
SIL. IT. lib. 7.

The following medal was stamped on Trajan's victory over the Daci,[b] you see on it the figure of Trajan representing a little Victory to Rome. Between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons on old coins that hold a little Victory in one hand, like this of Trajan, which is always the sign of a conquest. I have sometimes fancied Virgil alludes to this custom in a verse that Turnus speaks.

Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 11.

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd. MR. DRYDEN.

The emperor's standing in a gown, and making a present of his Dacian Victory to the city of Rome, agrees very well with Claudian's character of him.

——————————— *victura feretur*
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo,

[a] Fig. 15. [b] Fig. 16.

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Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus stratis Capitolia Dacis:
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat: ———

CLAUD. de 4to. Cons. Honor.

Thy glory, Trajan, shall for ever live:
Not that thy arms the Tigris mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary Parthia bow'd to Rome,
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the Daci slain:
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of Rome carries the wand in her hand that is the symbol of her divinity.

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipsa
More Deæ, ——————— Prudent. cont. Sym. lib. 1.

For Rome, a goddess too, can boast her shrine,
With victims stain'd, and sought with rites divine.

As the globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma;
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum. MART. lib. 12, epig. 8.

O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the peace that the emperor had procured her. On old coins we often see an emperor, a victory, the city of Rome, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the medal. I think we cannot doubt but Virgil copied out this circumstance from the ancient sculptors, in that inimitable description he has given us of Military Fury shut up in the temple of Janus, and loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,

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With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms
He sits, and threats the world with dire alarms.
Mr. Dryden.

We are told by the old scholiast, says Eugenius, that there was actually such a statue in the temple of Janus as that Virgil has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the province? Her posture, says Philander, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old coins: among the poets too, sitting on the ground is a mark of misery or captivity.

Multos illa dies incomtis mæsta capillis
Sederat —————— Propert. lib. 1.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates. Id. lib. 4.

O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old coin[a] that celebrates a victory of Lucius Verus over the Parthians. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery.

Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad regem clamore ferebant. Virg. Æn. lib. 2.

Meanwhile, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king. Mr. Dryden.

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. Ov. De Fast.

Cùm rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. Propert. lib. 4.

We may learn from Ovid that it was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros.
Ov. Ep. ex Ponto. lib. 4.

[a] Fig. 17.

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You see on his head the cap which the Parthians, and, indeed, most of the eastern nations, wear on medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the bonnet in their salutations, for in medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before emperors or generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing. Martial has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic.

Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis,
Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum:
Jam non est locus hâc in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum. MART. Epig. 72, lib. 10.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye try,
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
No man a god or lord I name:
From Romans far be such a shame!
Go teach the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some Pict, before his barbarous king.

I cannot hear, says Cynthio, without a kind of indignation, the satirical reflection that Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of Martial. I must confess I am less scandalized at the flatteries the epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says Philander, that the poet and the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no farther on this medal, unless you have a mind to compare the trophy on it with that of Mezentius, in Virgil.

Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,

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Mezentî ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca petitum
Perfossumque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistræ
Subligat, atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 11.

He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war,
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
Mr. DRYDEN.

On the next medal[a] you see the peace that Vespasian procured the empire, after having happily finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive branch in her hand is the figure of Peace.

——————— *Pignora Pacis*
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. SIL. IT. lib. 3.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient Romans, of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their deities. It is to this custom that Virgil refers, and Silius Italicus has described at large.

Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

Such as I was beneath Præneste's walls;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.
Mr. DRYDEN.

[a] Fig. 18.

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Ast tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, constructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
Ipse manu celsam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnæ, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Ausonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud surde meorum,
Arma electa dicat spirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos. SIL. IT. lib. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of Roman arms they rear:
The gen'ral grasping in his victor hand
A pine of stately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cry'd, O Mars! to thee devote I yield
These choice first-fruits of honour's purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praise,
Thy Hannibal this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for Latian laurels won:
Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.—
Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toss'd;
In smould'ring smoke the light of heav'n is lost:
But when the fire increase of fury gains,
The blaze of glory gilds the distant plains.

As for the heap of arms, and mountain of arms that the poet mentions, you may see them on two coins of Marcus Aurelius.* De Sarmatis and De Germanis allude, perhaps, to the form of words that might be used at the setting fire to them.——*Ausonio de nomine.* Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these two last medals, may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to signify any such allusion. But they may consider that on several imperial coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on some of them a flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the arms, says Cynthio, that you have forgotten the pillar on your 18th medal. You may find the history of it, says Phi-

* Fig. 19, 20.

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lander, in Ovid de Fastis. It was from this pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and Peace turns her back upon it.

Prospicit a templo summum brevis area circum:
Est ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ:
Hinc solet hasta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti;
In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.
Ov. De Fast. lib. 6.

Where the high fane the ample cirque commands,
A little, but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when Rome the distant kings defies,
In form, the war-denouncing javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next medal[a] seem to be forced and unnatural. I will, therefore, give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see the water scarce reaches up to the knees; and though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground, his attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the poets often attribute to Neptune. Homer tells us, that the whales leaped up at their god's approach, as we see in the medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves, are sea-deities of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

Cymothoë, simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti,
Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat æquor.
Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands:
Mr. Dryden.

[a] Fig. 21.

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Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis.

VAL. FLAC. lib. 1.

The interpreters of this medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked, and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing over the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of water deities on other medals represented after the same manner.

Ite Deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.

STATIUS de Balneo Etrusci. lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye Naiads! with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flow'rets bind your sea-green hair,
Unveil'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the Satyrs see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the commonwealth of Rome, that, by the tyranny of Domitian, and the insolence of the Prætorian guards, under Nerva, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is Trajan that, by the adoption of Nerva, stems the tide to her relief, and like another Neptune shoves her off the quick-sands. Your device, says Eugenius, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writer's imagination to support them? To shew you, says Philander, that the construction I put on this medal is conformable to the fancies of the old Romans, you may observe, that Horace represents at length the commonwealth of Rome under the figure of a ship, in the allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth ode of his first book.

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O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.———————

And shall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main? Mr. Creech.

Nor was any thing more usual than to represent a god in the shape and dress of an emperor.

——— *Apelleæ cuperent te scribere ceræ,*
Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei senior Jovis: et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phœbo.
Statius de Equo Domitiani, Syl. 1.

Now had Apelles liv'd, he'd sue to grace
His glowing tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
Had wish'd to place thee with his iv'ry Jove.
Rhodes, and Tarentum, that with pride survey,
The thund'rer this, and that the god of day;
Each fam'd Colossus would exchange for thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to Theodosius in Claudian, as the medal here makes to Trajan.

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.———————
Claudian de 4to. Cons. Honorii.

Had not thy sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his solid virtue propp'd the state;
Sunk in oblivion's shade, the name of Rome,
An empty name! had scarce surviv'd her doom:
Half wreck'd she was, till his auspicious hand
Resum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I shall only add, that this medal was stamped in honour of Trajan, when he was only Cæsar, as appears by the face of it . . . . Sari Traiano.

The next is a reverse of Marcus Aurelius.[a] We have on it a Minerva mounted on a monster, that Ausonius describes in the following verses.

[a] Fig. 22.

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Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus;
Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monster Sphinx, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast, by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans she wing'd th' aërial space;
And on her feet the lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a virgin face.
O'er pale Aönia panic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the morn is new,
Walks on four legs infirm; at noon on two:
But day declining to the western skies,
He needs a third; a third the night supplies?"

The monster, says Cynthio, is a sphinx, but for her meaning on this medal, I am not Œdipus enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says Philander, the poets fail me in this particular. There is, however, a passage in Pausanias that I will repeat to you, though it is in prose, since I know nobody else that has explained the medal by it. The Athenians, says he, drew a sphinx on the armour of Pallas, by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The sphinx, therefore, signifies the same as Minerva herself, who was the goddess of arms as well as wisdom, and describes the emperor as one of the poets expresses it,—

——— *Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.*

Whom both Minervas boast t' adopt their own.

The Romans joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent emperor, who was the best philosopher and the greatest general of his age.

We will close up this series of medals with one that was stamped under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus.[a] Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Cæsar was supposed to have been changed into.

[a] Fig. 23.

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Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum. VIRG. Ecl. 9.

See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies. Mr. DRYDEN.

——————— *micat inter omnes*
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. HOR.

——— Julius Cæsar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous moon amidst the meaner stars. Mr. CREECH.

Vix ea fatus erat, medià cùm sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique
Cæsaris eripuit membris, nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam, cœlestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu: Lunâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem,
Stella micat.——————— Ov. MET. lib. 15.

This spoke; the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And kindling, as it soar'd, a comet grew;
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. Mr. WELSTED.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this medal. The commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such a figure of the emperor as he used to be represented by in the Roman sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celsâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

Young Cæsar on the stern in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans, and the gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star. Mr. DRYDEN.

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The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his apotheosis, that makes him as it were a companion of Jupiter. Thus the poets of his own age that deified him living:

Divinum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. VIRG.

Hic socium summo cum Jove numen habet. OV.

——— *regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante.* MANIL. lib. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cælum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis.
OV. de Augusto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the *corona radiata*, which at that time was another type of his divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to represent the rays of the sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac. It is this kind of crown that Virgil describes.

——————— *ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.——————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 12.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. Mr. DRYDEN.

If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the sun, you may see it in the figure of Apollo[a] on the next reverse, where his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as Ovid and Statius mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure.

——— *at genitor circum caput omne micantes*
Deposuit radios ——————— OV. MET. lib. 2.

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Imposuitque comæ radios ——————— Ibid.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

[a] Fig. 24.

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——— licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat ———————————

STAT. THEB. lib. I, ad Domitianum.

Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine. MR. POPE.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed to drive the horses of the sun: as in a pretty passage of Ovid, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious.

Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phœbus equos, stimuloque dolens et verbere sævit:
Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.

OV. MET. lib. 2.

Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through such an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly Lucretius calls them the darts of the day, as Ausonius to make a sort of witticism has followed his example.

Non radii solis, neque lucida tela Diei. LUCRET.

Exultant udæ super arida saxa rapinæ,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Dei.

De piscibus captis. AUS. Eid. 10.

Caligo terræ scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo. PRUD. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical medals as are unriddled by the Latin poets, and have shown several passages in the Latin poets that receive an illustration from medals. Some of the coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the same explication put upon them, but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best

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be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says Eugenius, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of Roman medals, especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn out of the Latin poets. For as there is a great affinity between designing and poetry, so the Latin poets, and the designers of the Roman medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy. But who are the ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says Philander, so many cities, nations, and provinces, that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now Afric, Spain, France, Italy, and several other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleasantest maps, says Cynthio, that I ever saw. Your geographers now and then fancy a country like a leg or a head, a bear or a dragon, but I never before saw them represented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas, and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This, therefore, says Philander, is a geography particular to the medallists. The poets, however, have sometimes given into it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first lady you see on the list is Africa.* She carries an elephant's tooth by her side.

Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscurior Indus:
Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves ——— Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiffed with the head of an elephant, to show that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a dragon lying at her feet.

Huic varias pestes, diversaque membra ferarum,
Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;

* Third series, fig. 1.

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Horrendos angues, habitataque membra veneno,
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ;
Et vastos elephantes habet, sævosque leones,
In pœnas fœcunda suas, parit horrida tellus.
MANIL. lib. 4, de Africâ.

Here nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
Here snakes, those cells of poison, take their birth,
Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
Here elephants, and frightful lions roar. Mr. CREECH.

Lucan, in his description of the several noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying dragon that we see on this medal.

Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Pestiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota secuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros.
Nec tutus spatio est elephas; datis omnia letho:
Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno. LUC. lib. 9.

And you, ye dragons! of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
Their guardian genii and protectors own'd;
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide expanded wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chace and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty bull:
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest,
Not elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. Mr. ROWE.

The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shows us that Afric abounds in agriculture.

——— *tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,*
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. JUV. Sat. 5.

——— No more plough up the ground,
O Libya, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more. Mr. BOWLES.

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This part of the world has always on medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was, indeed, the great granary of Italy. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *cornu-copiæ*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fœcunda veneno:
Felix quod pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennæâ, Pharioque victa colono. SIL. IT. lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa——— HOR. Sat. 3, lib. 2.

——— *segetes mirantur Iberas*
Horrea; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinâ contenti messe Quirites.
CLAUD. in Eutrop. lib. 1.

The lion[a] on the second medal marks her out for the

——————————— *Leonum*
Arida nutrix.——————————— HOR.

The scorpion[b] on the third is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

——————— *quis fata putaret*
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere sævus,
Teste tulit cælo victi decus Orionis. LUC. lib. 9.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky. Mr. ROWE.

The three figures you have here shown us, says Eugenius, give me an idea of a description or two in Claudian, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent Africa in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old coins.

[a] Fig. 2. [b] Fig. 3.

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——————— mediis apparet in astris
Africa, rescissæ vestes, et spicea passim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur.—————— CLAUD. de Bel. Gild.

Next Afric, mounting to the blest abodes,
Pensive approach'd the synod of the gods:
No arts of dress the weeping dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:
The fillets grac'd with teeth in iv'ry rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tum spicis et dente comas illustris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.
CLAUD. de Cons. Stil. lib. 2.

I think, says Philander, there is no question but the poet has copied out in his description the figure that Africa made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is Egypt.[a] Her basket of wheat shows us the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the Nile.

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis:
Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo. LUC. lib. 8.

By nature strengthen'd with a dang'rous strand,
Her syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile. MR. ROWE.

The instrument in her hand is the Sistrum of the Egyptians, made use of in the worship of the goddess Isis.

——————— Nilotica sistris
Ripa sonat ——————— CLAUD. de 4to. Cons. Hon.

On medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her worshippers. The poets, too, make the same use of it, as Virgil has placed it in Cleopatra's hand, to distinguish her from an Egyptian.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

[a] Fig. 4.

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The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms.
Mr. Dryden.

——————— *restabant Actia bella,*
Atque ipsa Isiaco certârunt fulmina sistro. Manil. lib. 1.

——————— *imitataque Lunam*
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
De Iside Ov. Met. lib. 9.

——— The lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring sound.
Mr. Dryden.

Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi prosunt
Illa tuâ toties æra repulsa manu? Tib. lib. 1, el. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus. Luc. lib. 8.

Have we with honours dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the timbrel's tinkling sound?
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with Roman gods?
Mr. Rowe.

The bird before her is the Egyptian ibis. This figure, however, does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyptians worshipped it as a god.

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin;
Effigies sacri nitet aurea Circopitheci. Juv. Sat. 15.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known;
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
Others to Ibis, that on serpents preys.
Where, Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memnon's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mould'ring left, the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine. Mr. Tate.

Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
Placet sacratus aspis Æsculapii?
Crocodilus, Ibis et Canes cur displicent?
Prudentius. Pas. 1. Romani.

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We have Mauritania* on the fifth medal, leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this medal in the following descriptions that celebrate the Moors and Numidians, inhabitants of Mauritania, for their horsemanship.

Hic passim exultant Numidæ, gens inscia fræni:
Qucis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
Tellus ——————————— SIL. IT. lib. 1.

On his hot steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
The black Numidian prances o'er the plain:
A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,
And, as a bridle, turns th' obedient horse.

——— *an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus*
Umbonum, et nostros passuri, comminus enses?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeisque micantes
Ibitis; in solis longè fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia lævâ,
Cætera nudus eques; sonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit, non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
Arma oneri. ——————————— CLAUD. de Bel. Gildon.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
Of shorten'd fauchions, and repelling shields?
Against a host of quiv'ring spears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe who vainly trusts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right-hand shakes, the left uprears
His robe, beneath his tender skin appears,
Their steeds unrein'd, obey the horseman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march or stand:
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The horse too may stand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur equi, bella hæc armenta minantur.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 3.

* Fig. 5.

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From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned medalists that tell us, the rabbit,[a] which you see before her feet, may signify either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or, perhaps, the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the Latin word Cuniculus signifying either a rabbit or a mine. But these gentlemen do not consider, that it is not the word but the figure that appears on the medal. Cuniculus may stand for a rabbit or a mine, but the picture of a rabbit is not the picture of a mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When the word is construed into its idea, the double meaning vanishes. The figure, therefore, before us, means a real rabbit, which is there found in vast multitudes.

Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili. CATUL. in Egnatium.

The olive-branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in olives, as it is for this reason that Claudian in his description of Spain binds an olive branch about her head.

——glaucis tum prima Minervæ
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

Thus Spain, whose brows the olive-wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a Tagus streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in Spain.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat—— MART. lib. 12, ep. 99.

Fair Bœtis! olives wreathe thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'st the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

And Prudentius of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem sanctos revehes et octo,
Cæsar Augusta studiosa Christi,

[a] Fig. 6.

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Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. PRUDENT. Hymn. 4.

France,[a] you see, has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to shew that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrigonid Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis. HOR. Od. 16, lib. 3.

Though no Calabrian bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich Campania sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in Gallic plains grow fat;—— Mr. CREECH.

She carries on her shoulders the sagulum that Virgil speaks of as the habit of the ancient Gauls.

Aurea cæsaries ollis, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis —————— VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their vests —————— Mr. DRYDEN.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.——————

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus —————— HOR. od. 2, lib. 4.

And there, if any patient ear
My muse's feeble song will hear,

[a] Fig. 7.

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My voice shall sound through Rome:
Thee, sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise, when Cæsar's come.——

Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small stock of kine
A calf just wean'd——— Mr. Creech.

Italy[a] has a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness;

——*magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.* Virg. Georg. 3.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. Lucan has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing herself to Julius Cæsar.

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago:
Clara per obscuram vultu mœstissima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæsarie, lacerâ nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et gemitu permista loqui——— Lucan. lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke. Mr. Rowe.

She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to show that she is the sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the sun and stars fall on her dominions. Claudian makes the same compliment to Rome.

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.
Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Cons.

Jupiter arce suâ totum dum spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.
Ov. de Fast. lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to Rome submissive homage pays.

[a] Fig. 8.

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Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Quod mare, quod tellus, quod sidus currit utrumque. PETRON.

Now Rome, sole empress, reign'd from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

The picture that Claudian makes of Rome, one would think, was copied from the next medal.[a]

——— innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ:
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma sinum.———————.
Clypeus Titana lucessit
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte;
Hic patrius, Mavortis amor, fœtusque notantur
Romulei, post amnis inest, et bellua nutrix.
CLAUD. in Prob. et Olyb. Cons.

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arm she shows,
And half her bosom's unpolluted snows;
Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond clasps, the military vest.
The sun was dazzled as her shield she rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appear'd
The loves of Mars her sire, fair Illa's joys,
The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia.[b]

I am sorry, says Cynthio, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as France. I have here, says Philander, one of Augustus's Britannias.[c] You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the Latin poets, that give any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look

[a] Fig. 9. [b] Fig. 10. [c] Fig. 11.

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like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, cruel, and inhospitable, are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention, therefore, those parts only that relate to the present medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is mistress of a new world, separate from that which the Romans had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient poets.

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. VIRG. Ecl. 1.

The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. Mr. DRYDEN.

Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
VET. Poet. apud Scalig. Catul.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
Id. de Britanniâ et opposito Continente.

——— *nostro diducta Britannia mundo.* CLAUD.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæsivit in orbe Britannos. Idem.

The feet of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same poet.

——————— *cujus vestigia verrit*
Cærulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.
Id. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province.

——————————— *victricia Cæsar*
Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos.
SIDON. APOL.

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But to return to Achaia,[a] whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor Adrian. She has a pot before her with a sprig of parsley rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a sallad of parsley for his refreshment, after his encounter with the Nemean lion. It is certain, there were in Achaia the Neamean games, and that a garland of parsley was the victor's reward. You have an account of these games in Ausonius.

Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaïa Ludos,
Cælicolûm duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemoriique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.
Aus. de Lustral. Agon.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For heroes two, and two for gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the olive round his victor wave;
Phœbus to his an apple garland gave:
The pine, Palæmon; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the parsley crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ.
Id. de Locis Agon.

——— *Alcides Nemea sacravit honorem.*
De Auct. Agon. Id.

One reason why they chose parsley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily.

Neu vivax apium, neo breve lilium. Lib. 1, od. 36.

Let fading lilies and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-liv'd parsley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest. Mr. Creech.

Juvenal mentions the crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of Achaia.

——— *Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ.* Juv. Sat. 8.

And winning at a wake their parsley crown. Mr. Stepney.

[a] Fig. 10.

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She presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family.

——— jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.—— Hor. Epist. 12, lib. 1.

The haughty Parthian now to Cæsar kneels. Mr. Creech.

Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes. Senec. Thyest. act. 3.

——— Non, ut inflexo genu,
Regnantem adores, petimus. Idem.

Te linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum
Fœdera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem,
Hac quondam vidêre domo; positâque tiarâ
Submisere genu.——— Claud. ad Honorium.

Thy infant virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspir'd:
Thee next the sovereign seat, the Persians view'd,
When in this regal dome for peace they su'd:
Each turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd;
And every knee confess'd the boon they crav'd.

Sicily appears before Adrian in the same posture.[a] She has a bundle of corn in her hand, and a garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres.

Utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullæ,
Nec Romana magis compleruut horrea terræ.
De Sicilia et Sardinia. Luc. lib. 2.

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast. Mr. Rowe.

Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri, multas ibi possidet urbes:
In quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo. Ov. de Fast. lib. 4.

To Ceres dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall capes, and thence Trinacria nam'd:

[a] Fig. 12.

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There Henna well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest champion of the fairest isle.

We find Judea on several coins of Vespasian and Titus, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity.[a] The first figure of her is drawn to the life in a picture that Seneca has given us of the Trojan matrons bewailing their captivity.

——————paret exertos
Turba lacertos. Veste remissâ
Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus——————
——————cadat ex humeris
Vestis apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. Jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. Nunc nunc vires
Exprome, dolor, tuas.
Hecuba ad Trojanarum chorum. SEN. Troas, act. 1.

——————————— Bare
Your arms, your vestures slackly ty'd
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your wastes ——————
——————————— Let
From your divested shoulders slide
Your garments down on either side.
Now bared bosoms call for blows,
Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose.
SIR EDW. SHERBQURN.

——————apertæ pectora matres
Significant luctum—————— OV. MET. lib. 13.

Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
The signs of grief, and mark of public woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief.

——————ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput
Velata, juxta præsides astat Deos. SEN. Herc. fur. act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Delituit: sævumque arctè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.
LUC. lib. 9, de Cornelià.

[a] Fig. 13.

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So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead. Mr. Rowe.

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says Eugenius, the Romans might have an eye on the customs of the Jewish nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion!' But what is more remarkable, we find Judea represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the prophet that foretels the very captivity recorded on this medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in holy scripture, as the expressions of raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these medals? We find, says Philander, not only on these, but on several other coins that relate to Judea, the figure of a palm tree, to show us that palms are the growth of the country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespasian's conquest, that is the subject of this medal,

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen. Sil. It. lib. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of Judea, and had generally something of the palm tree in them. It begins an epigram on the death of Scorpus, a chariot driver, which in those degenerate times of the empire was looked upon as a public calamity.

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Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.
MART. lib. 10, epig. 50.

The man by the palm tree in the first of these medals is supposed to be a Jew with his hands bound behind him.

I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other medal is a Victory.[a] She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a Victory touched upon in Virgil, and Silius Italicus.

Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 3.

I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield, which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
"These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks."
Mr. DRYDEN.

Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
Hasdrubalis spolium Gradivo Scipio victor.
SIL. IT. lib. 15.

High on Pyrene's airy top they plac'd
The captive shield, with this inscription grac'd:
"Sacred to Mars, these votive spoils proclaim
The fate of Asdrubal, and Scipio's fame."

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver which are so much talked of by the poets.[b] Lucan's account of the Parthians is very pretty and poetical.

——————— *Parthoque sequente*
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ ——
Illita tella dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre nolint, parmittere vulnera ventis. LUC. lib. 8.

Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure—
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air. Mr. ROWE.

[a] Fig. 14. [b] Fig. 15

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——————— *Sagittiferosque Parthos.* CATUL.

The crown she holds in her hand, refers to the crown of gold that Parthia, as well as other provinces, presented to the Emperor Antonine. The presenting a crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit VIRG. *Æn.* lib. 8.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament. Mr. DRYDEN.

Antioch has an anchor by her, in memory of her founder, Seleucus,[a] whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe historians. Ausonius has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

——————— *Illa Seleucum*
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit anchora signum,
Qualis inusta solet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.
AUS. Ordo. Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The tow'rs of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phœbus at thy birth his son confess'd,
By the fair anchor on the babe impress'd;
Which all thy genuine offspring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive through the race.

Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon,[b] that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes Deos
Invocat.——————— SEN. Phœnissæ. act. 1.

On the left arm of Smyrna, is the Pelta or buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the *bipennis* or *securis*.

[a] Fig. 16. [b] Fig. 17.

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Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.
Ov. lib. 3, epist. 1, ex Pont.

Lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield. Mr. DRYDEN.

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli. HOR. od. 4, lib. 4.

Such Drusus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urg'd the war:
In vain the Rhæti did their axes wield,
Like Amazons they fought, like women fled the field:
But why those savage troops this weapon chuse,
Confirm'd by long establish'd use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

The dress that Arabia appears in,[a] brings to my mind the description Lucian has made of these eastern nations.

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cæli.
Illic et laxas vestes, et fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides.——— LUC. lib. 8.

While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease;
Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams. Mr. ROWE.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

——— *Solis est thurea virga Sabeis.* VIRG.

And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
Mr. DRYDEN.

Thuriferos Arabum saltus. CLAUD. de 3. Cons. Honor.

Thurilegos Arabas.——— Ov. de Fast. lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the

[a] Fig. 18.

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garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, variæque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet.—
De sinu Arabico, MANIL. lib. 4.

More west the other soft Arabia beats,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats:
The bay is call'd th' Arabian gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame. Mr. CREECH.

Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs. TIBUL. lib. 2, el. 2.

——————— *sit dives amomo,*
Cinnamaque, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaïa tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham. OV. MET. lib. 10.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast;
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd so bless'd, that Myrrha bears?
Mr. DRYDEN.

—— *Odoratæ spirant medicamina Sylvæ.* MANIL.

The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
Health sits, and makes it sovereign as it flows. Mr. CREECH.

Cinnami sylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit ——————— SEN. Œdip. act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, says Cynthio? a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are made of it. The camel is in Arabia, I suppose, a beast of burden that helps to carry off its spices. We find the camel, says Philander, mentioned in Persius on the same account.

Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo. PERS. sat. 5.

——————— The precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back.
Mr. DRYDEN.

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He loads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper———— PERS. sat. 5.

The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for spices their Italian ware. Mr. DRYDEN.

You have given us some quotations out of Persius this morning, says Eugenius, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this author. He fancies the description of a wreck that you have already cited, is too good for Persius, and that he might be helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthio, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's opinion in this particular, that I fancy Persius a better poet than Lucan; and that, had he been engaged on the same subject, he would at least in his expressions and descriptions* have outwrit the Pharsalia. He was, indeed, employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like description, but where he has an occasion of showing himself, we find very few of the Latin poets that have given a greater beauty to their expressions. His obscurities are, indeed, sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the customs, persons, and things he alludes to: as satire is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same age with it, than any other kind of poetry. Love verses and heroics deal in images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into satire, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

* Certainly, because his *expressions* and *descriptions* are more pointed and peculiar, in which the essence of poetry consists. The style of Lucan, is not the style of poetry, but of declamation. It was impossible that the Virgilian taste of Mr. Addison should approve it.

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Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their medals and Latin poets. Philander told them it was now too late to enter on another series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his medals before them.[a] Cynthio and Eugenius were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer Philander made them.

[a] It appears from the close of this dialogue, that the author intended *another* before he came at his *parallel*, which now makes the third, in this collection. And it is not difficult to guess what the topics of it were to be. He had divided the whole subject into two parts. 1. *Persons of a shadowy allegorical nature.* 2. *Things and persons of a more real existence.* p. 449. The first part, makes the subject of the second dialogue, and is explained by three series of medals: the *first* representing *the virtues*; the *second, moral emblems*; and the *third, cities, nations, provinces*, &c. The *second* general division was, then, to furnish matter for the third dialogue; and probably in three or four series more. 1. Of the heathen gods. 2. Of the monsters of antiquity, chimæras, sphinxes, gorgons, &c. 3. Of the Roman emperors, and other illustrious persons:—and possibly, a 4th, Of miscellaneous customs, actions, ornaments, and other antiquities, (see the two last pages of the first dialogue). The whole to conclude in a *fourth* dialogue, which is now the third; containing a parallel between the ancient and modern medals.

It is strange, that the editor, Mr. Tickell, should overlook this design of his friend, so necessary to the integrity of his plan, and so clearly pointed out in the place to which I have referred. We now see, why the work itself was not published by the author; for one half of it, and that the most considerable, was not printed. And indeed, so far as he had gone, the composition, though beautiful in the main, appears not to have been touched with that supreme elegance, which was to be expected from the last hand of such a writer.

It may be proper to add, that if the plan of these dialogues, so complete and masterly in itself, had been fully executed according to the intention of the author, (and especially, if he had taken real characters, instead of fictitious, for the speakers in them) the whole would not only have done great honour to the learning and taste of Mr. Addison; but would have saved Mr. Spence the trouble of projecting a supplement to it, in his voluminous work, entitled "*Polymetis.*"

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DIALOGUE III.

——— causa est discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum in titulos faciesque minutas. Juv. sat. 14.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the Thames. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful allies, which, terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at sun-rising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the writer's barrenness of invention. It is Cicero's observation on the plane-tree that makes so flourishing a figure in one of Plato's dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the style that describes it. For my own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joined by Cynthio and Eugenius. Cynthio immediately fell upon Philander for breaking his night's rest. You have so filled my head, says he,

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with old coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a Caduceus or a Cornu-copiæ. You will make me believe, says Philander, that you begin to be reconciled to medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says Eugenius, something like avarice in the study of medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that Cynthio, as well as myself, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the ancient and modern medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says Philander, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews itself in their metals, in the occasion of stamping them, in the inscriptions, and in the figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject,* says Cynthio, be so kind as to enter on it without further preface.

We should first of all, says Philander, consider the difference of the metals that we find in ancient and modern coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were coins of iron or lead among the old Romans; and if a man is well acquainted with the device of a medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the medal itself be of copper or Corinthian brass. There is, however, so great a difference between the antique and modern medals, that I have seen an antiquary lick an old coin, among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its taste. I remember when I

* The method of this dialogue very elegantly contrived and introduced.

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laughed at him for it, he told me, with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip. It is pity, says Eugenius, but they found out the smell too of an ancient medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the sight, and the ringing of a medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says Philander, we may observe the prudence of the ancients above that of the moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the device they bore, but for the metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths' hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these two or three last centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in these barbarous ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your medalists look on this destruction of coins as on the burning of the Alexandrian library, and would be content to compound for them with almost the loss of a Vatican. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clipper's hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern medals are most in silver or gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at Vienna, of Philip the Second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep itself long out of the furnace, when it leaves the emperor's treasury. I remember another in the king of Prussia's

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collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The princes who struck these medals, says Eugenius, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their wealth than of their virtues. They fancied, probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different occasions that have given birth to ancient and modern medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says Philander, I must tell you, by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between money and medals. An old Roman had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in cabinets. As soon as an emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately stamped on a coin, and became current through his whole dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says Cynthio, to spread abroad the virtues of an emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh coin was a kind of a gazette, that published the latest news of the empire. I should fancy your Roman bankers were very good historians. It is certain, says Eugenius, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient Romans in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kind of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthio, you have a mind to fall out with the government, because it does not encourage medals. But were all your ancient coins that are now in cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says Philander, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call medalions. These, in respect of the other coins, were the same as modern

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medals, in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by emperors for presents to their friends, foreign princes, or ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the Romans took care generally to stamp the subject of their medalions on their ordinary coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see, on our halfpenny and farthing pieces, the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our medals.

If we now consider, continued Philander, the different occasions or subjects of ancient and modern medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a coin. It is indeed a kind of justice, says Eugenius, that a prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place, to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his bombs and cannons. In the next place, says Philander, we see both on the ancient and modern medals the several noble pieces of architecture that were finished at the time when the medals were stamped. I must observe, however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful

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than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of medals agree as to their subject. But old coins go farther in their compliments to their emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see Nero's fiddling, and Commodus's skill in fencing, on several of their medals. At present, you never meet with the king of France's generosity, nor the emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the Romans used to register the great actions of peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of war. The remission of a debt, the taking off a duty, the giving up a tax, the mending a port, or the making a highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a victory, or the conquest of a nation. In England, perhaps, it would have looked a little odd, to have stamped a medal on the abolishing of chimney-money in the last reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pounds a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, said Eugenius, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient Romans, we should have had medals on the fitting up of our several docks, on the making of our rivers navigable, on the building our men of war, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, says Philander, may possibly be this. Our princes have the coining of their own medals, and, perhaps, may think it would look like vanity to erect so many trophies and monuments of praise to their own merit; whereas, among the ancient Romans, the senate had still a watchful eye on their emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that might furnish out a medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable

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an offering. It is true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men. And here, by the way, we may observe, that you never find any thing like satire or raillery on old coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The emperors often jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their coins. Had we no other histories of the Roman emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are, therefore, so many compliments to an emperor, that ascribe to him all the virtues and victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy Claudius as great a conqueror as Julius Cæsar, and Domitian a wiser prince than his brother Titus. Tiberius on his coins is all mercy and moderation, Caligula and Nero are fathers of their country, Galba the patron of public liberty, and Vitellius the restorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious Commodus, the pious Caracalla, and the devout Heliogabalus, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with irony and satire. Our kings no sooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of raillery, but as we have no instance of it among the ancient coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I must confess, says Cynthio, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from

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the ancients, because their practice is for the most part grounded upon reason. But if our forefathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of raillery as a refinement on medals: and do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a victory may be celebrated in an epigram as well as in an heroic poem. Had the ancients given place to raillery on any of their coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the Roman empire. There is no doubt, says Philander, but our forefathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity. But I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satire, we should not have thought they had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says Eugenius, that the Romans stamped several coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity; since the more serious sort of medals may serve as comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned such coins as were made on the emperor, I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says Philander, that, during the time of the Roman emperors, were coined in honour of the senate, army, or people. I do not remember to have seen in the upper empire, the face of any private person that was not some way related to the imperial family. Sejanus has, indeed, his consulship mentioned on a coin of Tiberius, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now

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come to the legend or inscription of our medals, which, as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have chosen a very short text to enlarge upon, says Cynthio: I should as soon expect to see a critic on the posie of a ring, as on the inscription of a medal.

I have seen several modern coins, says Philander, that have had part of the legend running round the edges, like the *decus et tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says Eugenius, the moderns may have chosen this part of the medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together, that one would think the coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says Philander, for your milled medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern designers cannot contract the occasion of the medal into an inscription that is proper to the volume they write upon: so that having scribbled over both sides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault, therefore, that I shall find with a modern legend, is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a medal overrun with it. One would fancy the author had a design of being Ciceronian in his Latin, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a coin stamped by the present emperor of Germany, on the raising of the siege of Vienna. VIENNA AVSTRIAE & IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA, SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I should take this, says Cynthio, for the paragraph of a gazette, rather than the inscription of a

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medal. I remember you represented your ancient coins as abridgments of history; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, should themselves be epitomized. Compare with this, says Philander, the brevity and comprehensiveness of those legends that appear on ancient coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus stabilita. Gloria Orbis Terræ. Pacator Orbis. Restitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicæ. Hilaritas populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renascens. Libertas restituta. Sæculum Aureum. Puellæ Faustinianæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Asia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentia Senatûs. Restitutori Hispaniæ. Adventui Aug. Britanniæ. Regna Adsignata. Adlocutio. Disciplina Augusti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What a majesty and force does one meet with in these short inscriptions! Are not you amazed to see so much history gathered into so small a compass? You have often the subject of a volume in a couple of words.

If our modern medals are so very prolix in their prose, they are every whit as tedious in their verse. You have sometimes a dull epigram of four lines. This, says Cynthio, may be of great use to immortalize puns and quibbles, and to let posterity see their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A coin, I find, may be of great use to a bad poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodness of his verse, he may by the durableness of the metal that supports it. I shall give you an instance, says Philander, from a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, that will stand as an eternal monument of dulness and bravery.

Miles ego Christi, Christo duce sterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos simul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Christicolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Christus dux meus en animat.

It is well, says Cynthio, you tell us this is a medal of the great Gustavus: I should have taken it for some one of his Gothic predecessors. Does it not bring into your mind Alexander the Great's being accompanied with a Chærilus in his Persian expedition? If you are

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offended at the homeliness of this inscription, says Philander, what would you think of such as have neither sense nor grammar in them? I assure you I have seen the face of many a great monarch hemmed in with false Latin. But it is not only the stupidity and tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length and proper sense, why must they be in verse? We should be surprised to see the title of a serious book in rhyme, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a medal in a piece of an hexameter. This, however, is the practice of our modern medalists. If you look into the ancient inscriptions, you see an air of simplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an heroic verse. Where the sense of an inscription is low, it is not in the power of dactyls and spondees to raise it: where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. I remember a medal of Philip the second, on Charles le Quint's resigning to him the kingdom of Spain, with this inscription, *Ut quiescat Atlas*. The device is a Hercules with the sphere on his shoulders. Notwithstanding the thought is poetical, I dare say you would think the beauty of the inscription very much lost, had it been—*requiescat ut Atlas*. To instance a medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with Holland, there was one stampt with the following legend—*Redeant Commercia Flandris*. The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of prose. I think, truly, says Eugenius, it is ridiculous enough to make the inscription run like a piece of a verse when it is not taken out of an old author. But I would fain have your opinion on such inscriptions as are borrowed from the Latin poets. I have seen several of this sort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your medals.

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Whichever side I take, says Philander, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who have formed their relish on old coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient medals. You will oblige us, however, to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations, since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with art. You must know then, says Eugenius, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed, if a great action, that seldom happens in the course of human affairs, is exactly described in the passage of an old poet, it gives the reader a very agreeable surprise, and may therefore deserve a place on a medal.

Again, if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out as it were by a modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a term of wit or satire, it is still the better qualified for a medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no inscription fitter for a medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that, besides its aptness, has something in it lofty and sublime: for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says Eugenius, to see a verse of an old poet, revolting, as it were, from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for, when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says Philander; and I think the criticisms you

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have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern medals, may be very well applied to the mottoes of books, and other inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the legends of medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of Gustavus Adolphus. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find the amount of 1627, the year in which the medal was coined; for, do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious German wits will turn you over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. You would fancy, perhaps, they were searching after an apt classical term, but, instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When, therefore, you see any of these inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in England for being an excellent philosopher or poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great chronogrammatist. These are, probably, says Cynthio, some of those mild provinces of acrostic land, that Mr. Dryden has assigned to his anagrams, wings, and altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the legend of a medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a coin, replied Philander, in our discourse on the usefulness of ancient medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the ancient and the modern differ. In the first place, the Romans always appear in the proper dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the mode in the drapery of the medal.

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They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an emperor of Rome in a Grecian cloak or a Phrygian mitre. On the contrary, our modern medals are full of *togas* and *tunicas*, *trabeas*, and *paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a king of England or France dressed up like a Julius Cæsar. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for Roman emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern coins. Nothing is more usual than to see allusions to Roman customs and ceremonies on the medals of our own nation. Nay, very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our medals, they must fancy one of our kings paid a great devotion to Minerva, that another was a professed worshipper of Apollo, or at best, that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old Romans been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their antiquities, that their coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on medals as so many monuments consigned over to eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of present that those who are actually in being make over to such as lie hid in the depths of futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says Eugenius, a medallic history of the present king of France. One might expect, methinks, to see the medals of that nation in the highest

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perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says Philander, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them: but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place then, I think it is impossible to learn from the French medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the French nation. You see on some of them the cross of our Saviour, and on others Hercules's club. In one you have an angel, and in another a Mercury. I fancy, says Cynthio, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of Louis le Grand, were they to learn it from his medals, as we are at present on that of Constantine the Great. It is certain, says Philander, there is the same mixture of Christian and Pagan in their coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a bull and the planting of a French colony in America? The Romans made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony. But for the French, a ram, a hog, or an elephant would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his arms stripped up to his elbows, a laurel on his head, and a *chlamys* over his shoulders? I fancy, says Eugenius, the society of medalists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You yourself allow the legend to be Latin, and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the learned. I own to you, says Philander, if they only design to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their great monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for future ages, to see the dresses and customs of their ancestors, as their buildings and victories. Besides, I do not think they have always

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chosen a proper occasion for a medal. There is one struck, for example, on the English failing in their attempts on Dunkirk: when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a fort, and bombard the town. What have the French here done to boast of? A medal, however, you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæsa*, the whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English.

——————— *quos opimus*
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this series of medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the work, the aptness of the device, and the propriety of the legend. In these and other particulars, the French medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the medallic history of the popes, where there are many coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding set. They are always Roman-catholic in the device and in the legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the prince they represent. Thus when Innocent XI. lay under terrible apprehensions of the French king, he put out a coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. Peter ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in Latin. "Help Lord, or else I perish." This puts me in mind, says Cynthio, of a pasquinade, that at the same time was fixed up at Rome. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But

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methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the workmanship of each. You must know then, says Philander, that, till about the end of the third century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a Roman emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to use a French term of art, which gives us the view of a head, that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a medal. Besides that it shows the nose and eye-brows, with the several prominences and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower empire you have abundance of broad Gothic faces, like so many full moons on the side of a coin. Among the moderns, too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient coins rising up in a much more beautiful relief than those on the modern. This, too, is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the Roman emperors, so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the empire, till, about Constantine's time, it lies almost even with the surface of the medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the coiner looked on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture. I fancy, says Eugenius, the sculptors of that age had the same relish as a Greek priest that was buying some religious pictures at Venice. Among others he was shown a noble piece of Titian. The priest having well surveyed it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the relief, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry: we admit of no images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: the figure you have here shown me, stands so much out to the eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in my church than a statue. I could recommend your Greek priest, says Philander, to abundance of celebrated painters on this

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side of the Alps that would not fail to please him. We must own, however, that the figures on several of our modern medals are raised and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the most finished among the ancients, your men of art declare universally for the latter.

Cynthio and Eugenius, though they were well pleased with Philander's discourse, were glad, however, to find it at an end: for the sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places. Philander had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finishing my dialogue.

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THREE SETS

OF

MEDALS

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE ANCIENT POETS,

IN THE FOREGOING DIALOGUES.

——— ——— *decipit*
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo. PHÆD.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi ——— HOR.

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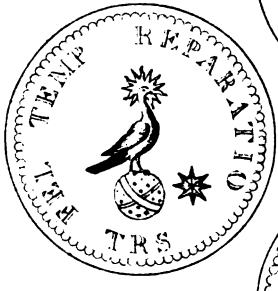

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21. Reverse of Trajan.
22. TR. POT. XIIII. P.P. COS. II. Reverse of M. Aurelius.
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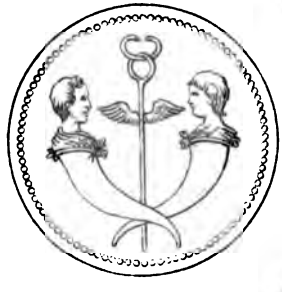

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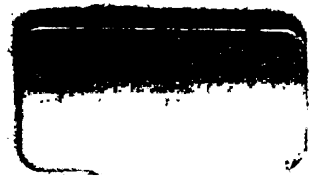

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